Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 22, 1962 25 CENTS

GOLFER TO BEAT IN 1962

Doug Sanders with wife Joan

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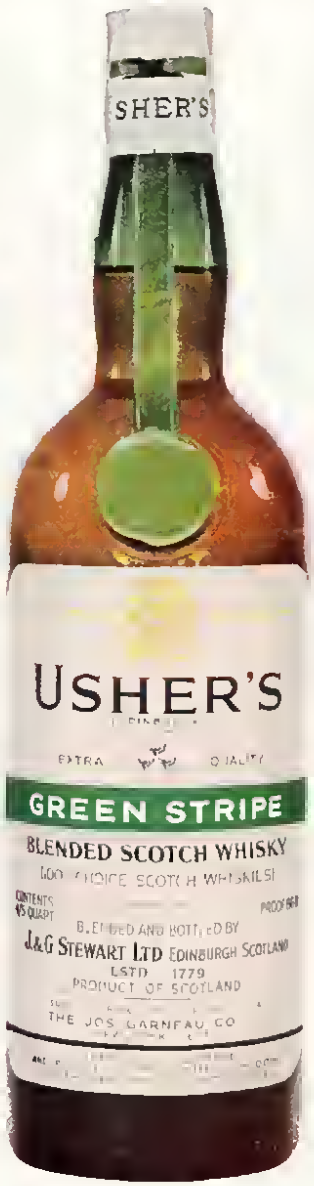

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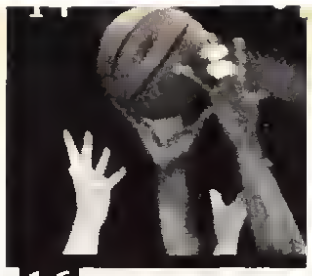

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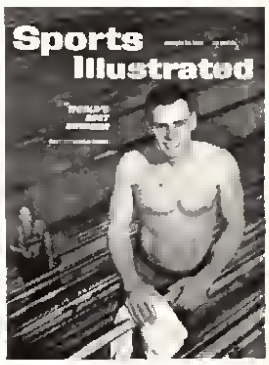
Next week

The 1962 indoor track season will be the biggest ever. In color, the split-second world of baton passers, and from Los Angeles Tex Maule's report on the year's first important meet.

Rex Lardner goes to a hound trial in Mississippi to lend an ear as they babble and they bay on the trail of their quarry —a sound that hunters believe is prettier than grand opera.

Championship swimmers brush fins like goldfish in the brand-new pool at the University of Indiana. Arlie W. Schardt takes a look at husky, young Chet Jastremski, the best of them all.



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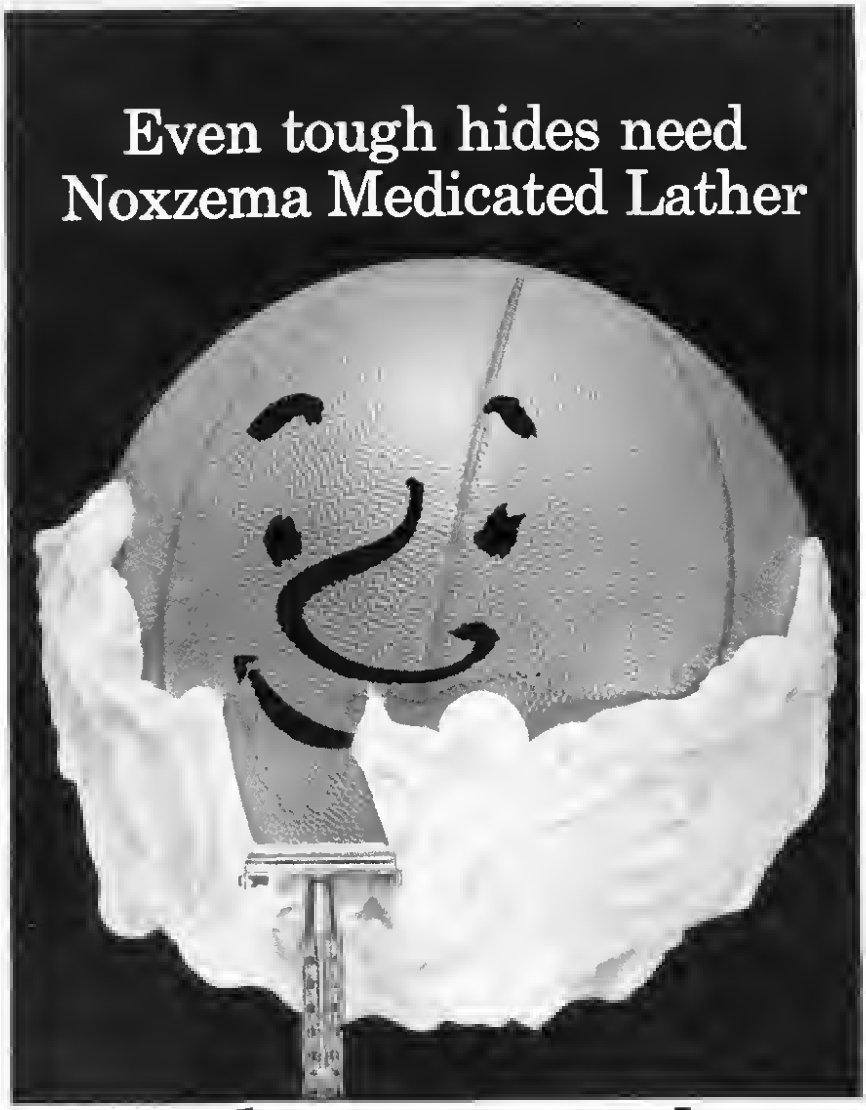

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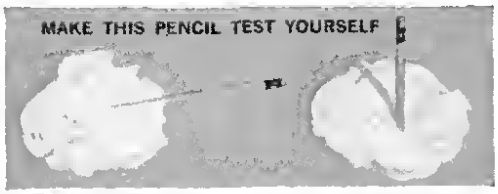

Ordinary lathers can't hold up pencil, often let whiskers droop, too. So your razor snags and scrapes—irritates skin.

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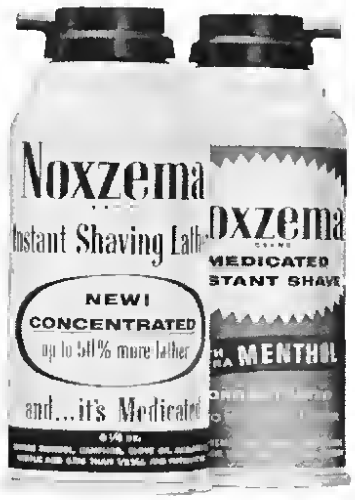

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PRO BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

NBA games through February 10

JANUARY 18
Chicago Packers vs. Syracuse Nationals, Philadelphia Warriors vs. Cincinnati Royals in Philadelphia.

JANUARY 19
Detroit Pistons vs. Philadelphia Warriors, Boston Celtics vs. Syracuse Nationals in Boston.
New York Knickerbockers in Los Angeles.
St. Louis Hawks in Chicago.

JANUARY 20
Detroit Pistons in Philadelphia (NBC-TV)
Boston Celtics in Syracuse.
Chicago Packers in St. Louis.
Los Angeles Lakers in Cincinnati.

JANUARY 21
Detroit Pistons in Boston.
Los Angeles Lakers in Chicago.
New York Knickerbockers in St. Louis.
Philadelphia Warriors vs. Syracuse Nationals in Utica, N.Y.

JANUARY 22
Detroit Pistons vs. Cincinnati Royals in Dayton.

JANUARY 23
Boston Celtics vs. Los Angeles Lakers, New York Knickerbockers vs. Chicago Packers in New York
Syracuse Nationals in St. Louis.

JANUARY 24
Chicago Packers vs. Philadelphia Warriors, Boston Celtics vs. St. Louis Hawks in Boston.
Cincinnati Royals in Los Angeles.
Syracuse Nationals in Detroit.

JANUARY 25
Detroit Pistons vs. Syracuse Nationals, Chicago Packers vs. New York Knickerbockers in Chicago.

JANUARY 26
Boston Celtics in New York.
Cincinnati Royals in Los Angeles.
Philadelphia Warriors vs. St. Louis Hawks in Hershey, Pa.

JANUARY 27
Syracuse Nationals in Chicago (NBC-TV).
Boston Celtics in Philadelphia
New York Knickerbockers in Detroit.

JANUARY 28
Chicago Packers in Los Angeles.
Detroit Pistons in St. Louis.
Philadelphia Warriors in Boston.
Syracuse Nationals in Cincinnati.

continued

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BASKETBALL *continued*

JANUARY 30
Chicago Packers in Los Angeles.
Cincinnati Royals in St. Louis.
Philadelphia Warriors in New York.

JANUARY 31
Boston Celtics in Chicago.
Los Angeles Lakers in Detroit.
New York Knickerbockers in Syracuse.

FEBRUARY 1
Boston Celtics vs. Los Angeles Lakers in College Park, Md.
Cincinnati Royals in Philadelphia.

FEBRUARY 2
Detroit Pistons in Chicago.
New York Knickerbockers vs. Philadelphia Warriors, Boston Celtics vs. Cincinnati Royals in Boston.
Syracuse Nationals vs. St. Louis Hawks in Utica, N.Y.

FEBRUARY 3
Cincinnati Royals in New York (NBC-TV).
Chicago Packers vs. Detroit Pistons, St. Louis Hawks vs. Los Angeles Lakers in St. Louis.
Philadelphia Warriors in Syracuse.

FEBRUARY 4
Los Angeles Lakers in Chicago.
New York Knickerbockers in Boston.
St. Louis Hawks in Detroit.
Syracuse Nationals in Philadelphia.

FEBRUARY 5
Boston Celtics in Chicago.
Cincinnati Royals vs. Los Angeles Lakers in Morgantown, W.Va.

FEBRUARY 6
Boston Celtics in St. Louis.
Chicago Packers vs. Syracuse Nationals, New York Knickerbockers vs. Los Angeles Lakers in New York.
Detroit Pistons in Cincinnati.

FEBRUARY 7
Cincinnati Royals in Detroit.

FEBRUARY 8
Los Angeles Lakers vs. Cincinnati Royals in Dayton.
Philadelphia Warriors vs. New York Knickerbockers, Syracuse Nationals vs. Boston Celtics in Syracuse.

FEBRUARY 9
Philadelphia Warriors in Boston.
Syracuse Nationals in New York.

FEBRUARY 10
St. Louis Hawks in Cincinnati (NBC-TV).
Chicago Packers vs. New York Knickerbockers, Philadelphia Warriors vs. Boston Celtics in Philadelphia. **END**

Waiting for the 'Robt. E. Lee'

The 1870 meeting between two mighty Mississippi steamboats was the climax of a splendid era

by JOHN DURANT

In the summer of 1870 a race was scheduled between the *Robt. E. Lee* and the *Natchez*—the fastest steamboats on the Mississippi River. Interest in the race was so great that large sums of money were bet all over the country and as far away as England and France. The race, however, was more than a contest to decide which of these two swift boats would become champion of the river.

Captain Thomas P. Leathers, master of the *Natchez*, and Captain John W. Cannon, master of the *Lee*, had been rivals on the river long before the start of the Civil War. During the war Captain Cannon had sided with the North, Captain Leathers had fought with the Rebels and hated all things northern. He especially hated the fact that Cannon, a Union man, had named his boat the *Robt. E. Lee*. The race, in the minds of many, was to be a postwar battle between the North and the South.

On race day, June 30, 1870, cities and towns all along the Mississippi declared holidays. Special wires were installed along the course—New Orleans to St. Louis—to flash reports by telegraph and cable to the world. At New Orleans more than 10,000 people jammed the Upper Wharf to view the start.

Shortly before 5 o'clock in the afternoon the *Lee* eased into the stream and headed upriver for St. Louis, about 1,200 miles away. Less than five minutes later the *Natchez* started upriver.

Cannon had stripped his boat of all extra rigging and dunnage, refused to carry freight and took on a select group of only 75 passengers. He had made arrangements at various points upriver to

continued

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refuel from coal barges while under way. Captain Leathers, however, recklessly carried freight and passengers to capacity and planned to stop for fuel

The two boats were close together for several miles, but gradually the *Lee* began to widen the distance, and at midnight off Baton Rouge the *Natchez* was nine miles behind. Above Vicksburg late the next afternoon a fast packet with 100 cords of pine knots on board sped upstream, waiting to be overtaken by the *Lee*. When the *Lee* reached her the two boats were lashed together and while the fuel was transferred their engines ran as one. (This maneuver, long planned by Captain Cannon, caused many bettors later to scream foul.)

The *Lee* reached Memphis at 11:04 that night, followed an hour and three minutes later by the *Natchez*. The boats stayed in sight of each other almost the whole course except where river bends hid the view. On July 3, when the *Lee* reached Cairo, Ill. shortly after 6 p.m., she was credited with a new record of three days and one hour for the run from New Orleans. The *Natchez* was then an hour and 10 minutes behind.

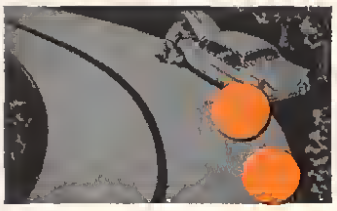
Between Cairo and St. Louis (some 12 hours of running time if all went well) lay dangerous shoal waters. Above Cairo, Captain Cannon took on two pilots who knew every inch of the river from there to St. Louis. The *Lee* slowed down and felt her way around the shoals.

When the *Natchez* came into the shoal waters, she, too, was forced to slow down. A thick fog soon enveloped her and Captain Leathers had to tie up at a bank and wait it out. For more than five hours his boat sat still.

At 11:33 on the morning of July 4 the *Lee* steamed across the finish line at St. Louis, exactly three days, 18 hours and 13 minutes after leaving New Orleans. She had shaved more than five hours off the best previous time.

That evening at 6 o'clock the *Natchez* crossed the line. She was by no means disgraced, however. Her supporters were quick to point out that if she had not stopped for fuel and the fog she would have equaled or even bettered the *Lee*'s time. Maybe so, but they paid off on the *Lee*, and by the millions.

The race was the last splendid gesture of a dying era. A few years later the railroads controlled Mississippi River commerce, and the steamboat vanished forever. END



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brains or brawn?

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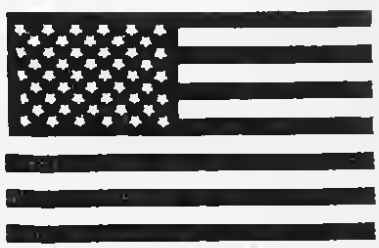
Our children's physical fitness has slipped alarmingly and no wonder, when you consider this fact: *less than one percent of the average American youth's time is spent on physical education.*

Now, before it's too late, physical education—vigorous daily activity that produces stamina, strength and endurance—must be made a regular part of every child's schooling, on a par with mental education.

The President's Council on Youth Fitness has developed a basic exercise program that can put a stop to the decline in our youngsters' physical abilities.

Is your child's school using it? If not, act at your next PTA meeting.

Insist on its adoption. Educators will respond to your interest.



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POINT OF FACT

An NHL quiz to excite the memory and increase the knowledge of the casual fan and the armchair expert

? *When and where was the National Hockey League organized?*

• On Nov. 22, 1917, at Montreal. Five teams were charter members: two from Montreal (the Canadiens and the Wanderers) and one each from Ottawa, Quebec and Toronto. Quebec, however, did not play during that first season.

? *The Montreal Canadiens won their fourth consecutive NHL championship last season. Has any other team won that many league titles in a row?*

• Yes. The Detroit Red Wings were NHL champions seven straight years (1949–55). The Canadiens had another four-year streak between 1944 and 1947. These two teams have dominated the NHL, with 12 championships apiece in the 44-year history of the league.

? *What team holds the record for consecutive undefeated games?*

• The Boston Bruins played 23 games without a loss during the 1941 season. Included in this streak were 15 victories and eight ties.

? *Only five players have scored more than 300 goals in the NHL. Who are they?*

• Maurice Richard leads with 544, followed by Gordie Howe (469 at the end of last sea-

continued

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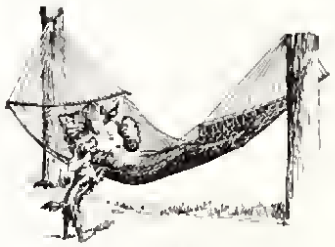

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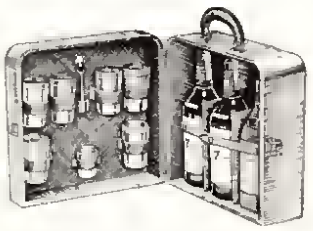

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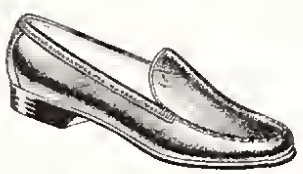

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POINT OF FACT *continued*

son), Ted Lindsay (365 at the end of last season), Nels Stewart (324) and Bernie Geoffrion (304 at the end of last season).

? *The Hart Memorial Trophy, which is awarded to the league's most valuable player, was won by Bernie Geoffrion last year. Has any player won the award two seasons in a row?*

• Gordie Howe of Detroit won the award a record five times (1952, 1953, 1957, 1958 and 1960); Eddie Shore of Boston won in 1935 and 1936, as well as in 1933 and 1938; Howie Morenz of the Canadiens won in 1928, 1931 and 1932.

? *Gordie Howe also won the Art Ross Trophy as the league's leading scorer a record five times* (1951, 1952, 1953, 1954 *and* 1957). *How many times did Maurice Richard win the scoring title?*

• None. He finished second five times—1945 (the year he scored a record 50 goals), 1947 (missed by one point), 1951, 1954 and 1955 (scored a personal high of 74 points but lost to teammate Geoffrion by a point when he was suspended from the last three games of the season). He also came in third two times (1953 and 1956) and fourth in 1950.

? *Jacques Plante of the Canadiens won the Vezina Trophy—awarded to the league's best goalie—five consecutive seasons (1956–60). Has any other goalie won the award more times than Plante?*

• Bill Durnan, an earlier Canadien goalie, won four straight years (1944–47) and then again in 1949 and 1950. Tiny Thompson of Boston is the only other goalie to win the award more than three times (1930, 1933, 1936 and 1938).

? *What goalie holds the record for the most shutouts in one season?*

• George Hainsworth of the Montreal Canadiens was unscored upon in 22 of 44 games in the 1928 season. He also holds the record for most career shutouts (94 in 10½ seasons).

? *What player has led the league in penalty minutes the most times?*

• Red Horner of the Toronto Maple Leafs is the incontestable leader, having led the league for eight straight seasons (1933–40).

—HERMAN WEISKOPF

SCORECARD

NEW BROOM

The new and perhaps even permanent manager of Sonny Liston, the wistful heavyweight challenger, is a 41-year-old sports concessionaire, married and the father of six children, who has never had anything to do with boxing before—all of which sounds like eminent respectability, a commodity Liston needs a lot of.

The new man is Jack Nilon, a sharp-featured, sharp-dressed, successful businessman who operates the concessions at such events as the Army-Navy football game. He is an acquaintance of Father Edward Murphy, the priest retained to aid in Liston's rehabilitation from his criminal past.

Quick to deny any knowledge of prize-fighting, Nilon explained that Liston "doesn't need a fight manager, he needs a business manager." There will, he said, "be a certified accountant to handle the money," quite as if that would prevent, behind his back, a postfight division of funds with representatives of Blinky Palermo, now at large on $100,000 bail while appealing his federal conviction as a conspirator.

In the mind of Heavyweight Champion Floyd Patterson there is little question that he must beat Liston if the world is to be convinced that Patterson is a worthy champion. And Liston's name, for all the coy secrecy about it, is the name Patterson whispered to President John F. Kennedy at their White House meeting last week, when the President asked him who his next opponent would be. He has said as much to others.

Well, Floyd may have to fight his manager, Cus D'Amato, first. The indomitable D'Amato is by no means convinced that Nilon's appearance on the scene has thereby dispersed the shady elements in Liston's old managerial retinue. He wants no part of a Liston fight until he is so convinced. There has to be a showdown between Patterson and D'Amato soon, and it might be worth $100 ringside to sit in on it. Until now, and despite serious differences, Patterson has remained completely loyal to D'Amato in such matters. If he doesn't go along with D'Amato in this one, he may, like Liston, have to find himself a new manager.

TARRED HEELS

The only state other than New York to prosecute in the basketball scandals of 1961 is North Carolina. Last week that state added new names and new games to the black basketball market list. Governor Terry Sanford, an old basketball fan, arranged for the testimony of Don Gallagher, a former North Carolina State star and now Second Lieutenant Gallagher, 15th Infantry, Berlin. Two years ago he won his school's Senior Merit award from the Atlantic Coast Conference for excellence in academics and athletics.

Flown to the U.S., Gallagher appeared before the Wake County grand jury and out of his testimony and other evidence 10 gamblers were indicted. Gallagher, it turned out, had received $5,500 for fixing six games.

New York authorities uncovered the basketball scandals and, with North Carolina, may be most influential in discouraging a recurrence. To fix or attempt to fix until recently was a mere misdemeanor in New York. Now it is a felony, with proportionately greater penalties. In North Carolina it is also a felony. It should be a felony everywhere.

YOUNG TURK FOR TENNIS

For some 30 years the tennis Old Guard in the East has dominated the Eastern Lawn Tennis Association, each retiring administration carefully grooming a successor so that a continuity of conservatism might be preserved. Attempts to overthrow the regime have always failed —until last weekend.

Clifford S. Sutter, an advertising executive with fresh, progressive ideas about tennis, squeaked through in the final set of the ELTA's annual meeting to defeat (5,700 votes to 5,025) Donald O. Hobart, who had held the post for two years. Sutter carried with him his running mate, Daniel S. Johnson, as secretary. Alastair B. Martin, who had lined up many proxy votes for Sutter, was elected chairman of the new nominating committee.

Tennis players were pleased by the election, for Sutter is himself a player, and a fine one. He was ranked third nationally in 1932 and last August, with his brother Ernest, won the National Senior Doubles. It is a novelty to have a player in command of ELTA policy.

Up to now Sutter has expressed no strong views, one way or the other, on the subject of erasing the fake chalk line that separates professional from amateur tennis. But he will have to face up to it sooner or later and one might hope that his view will be more in the direction of progress than that of his predecessors.

BOOKIES OF THE WORLD. . . !

Bookmakers comprise a proud fraternity except where honest cops make them furtive. In many countries where off-course betting on the horses is legal the bookies are known as turf accountants, and in dress and manner they live up to the decorous implication of the name. They tend to a gentlemanly portliness, conservative dress and the soft accents

of urbanity, the way big-time bankers used to act before they took to advertising on television. Now, just as the banker's "image" has been destroyed, the bookmaker's is likely to be. In South Africa the bums have gone on strike, leaving thousands indestitute.

Their beef is against a new law requiring them to turn over 12% of their total handle to the racetracks, whereas in the past their organization, known gracefully as Witwatersrand Tattersall, has simply paid the tracks a fixed sum of £25,000 for information on entered

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SCORECARD *continued*

horses and jockeys. The picketing bookies protest that the new dispensation will cost them £60,000. They are opposed to this and so, of course, must their customers be, since inevitably the tax will come out of the bettors.

Our sympathy is with the bookmakers and their clients, but in common decency and common sense our instincts say that a strike, which may well drive honest men to solvency, is no solution to the problem, especially from the standpoint of the licit bookie himself. He is in danger of losing his cachet of respectability and conservatism, an incalculable but clearly priceless vigorish, and of picking up an aura that might remind one of Jimmy Hoffa.

THE INSIDE TRACK

• Bobby Mitchell, traded from the Cleveland Browns to the Washington Redskins of the National Football League, will be one of the biggest moneymakers in the league. In addition to his salary Mitchell has a five-year contract as public relations man for Pepsi-Cola and will get a radio announcer's job on a Washington station.

• Wayne Hardin, Navy's football coach, believes that the National Conference, first suggested in 1959, may become a reality this fall. Teams proposed are Notre Dame, Army, Navy, Pittsburgh, Penn State, Syracuse, UCLA, USC, Stanford, Washington and Washington State.

• The Chicago Bears of the National Football League grossed more money ($1,223,233) from paid admissions in seven home appearances than baseball's Chicago Cubs were able to gross in 66 home days ($1,058,433).

• The New York Yankees, who move their spring training camp from St. Petersburg to Fort Lauderdale this season, already have sold 375 season tickets (covering 15 exhibition games) at $45 each.

ACTUALLY, IT'S A HELLUVA THING

As every college man knows, the worst bunch of cubes on campus are the independents. They don't get into fraternities. Frankly, they just don't fit in—black, leather-soled shoes and those incredible ties. Or, worse yet, they don't *want* to get in. All this nonsense about eating lunch with Vietnamese transfer students. It's hard to understand, and they think it proves something. God knows what.

Anyway, the worst thing happened at the University of Nevada recently. The independents won the intramural athletic trophy. "Everybody was shocked that they won," said Dr. Art Broten, chairman of the university's phys ed department.

Actually, it wasn't so much them winning as how to give them the trophy. Obviously they couldn't go to the interfraternity dinner, which is where the trophy is usually given out. Dr. Broten finally gave it to them at some sports writers' meeting.

Actually, when you look at it, it's probably not too bad that they got it this one time. But the thing now is, how on earth to get it back? "The independents have 500 students they can draw from," says Broten, "whereas each fraternity only has a few." That sounds bad, but as Dr. Broten says, "There's really no worry because the independents are just that. They don't need the prestige and won't fight as hard as the fraternities."

DOGS AND OTHER HEROES

In the early days of the world, according to the Penobscot Indians, a great warrior named Long Hair asked the animals if one of them would be willing to live with mankind. All except the dog hurried away. In gratitude, Long Hair arranged it so that ever afterward all animals should run whenever dogs barked.

Some Indian tribes of the Pacific Northwest believed men and dogs were closely related. They thought that dogs originally had been intended to be people, but were so quick and so smart that another great warrior named Raven took them by the neck and pushed them down. "Have four legs," said Raven curtly, and thus dogs became dogs. The myth of a California tribe relates that when the creator was at work creating the world, he took his dog with him. Nothing was ever said about him having created the dog. He already had one.

In *God Had a Dog* (Rutgers University Press, $9), Maria Leach notes that in the folklore of primitive peoples there are some 76 such gods who are accompanied by their dogs, but almost no tales about how the dogs were created. This 544 page miscellany of dog lore touches on such matters as the dog star, the dog days and dogs during eclipses (they were whipped in all tribes so their howls would prevent the sun from destroying the moon), and the legends range from ancient Egypt to Carbondale, Illinois.

In Carbondale in 1948 a man had a coon dog so smart that when he showed the dog a board the size he wanted to

stretch a coonskin on, the dog would dash into the woods and come back with the right size coon. One day the man's wife set an ironing board out in the backyard and the dog was gone for two years. The same story is told in Mississippi and New Mexico, where it is said the dog never did come back.

CULT OF CORN

The Russian newspaper *Sovsports* has just reprinted from SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (Nov. 27, 1961) that memorable picture of Pete Dawkins, the former West Point All-America footballer now at Oxford, engaged in throttling a Rugby opponent. As we explained at the time, Pete lost his hitherto well-controlled temper in the heat of a rough game, and no one, least of all the British, seemed to resent it. Rather, they seemed amused by it and explained it by saying that Dawkins, having proved himself a fine Rugger player, was now proving himself a human being.

Sovsports did not take this view. Under the headline, SMART GUY DAWKINS LOST HIS TEMPER, it commented:

"It is not difficult to understand the enthusiasm of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's editors for this picture because Dawkins is acting exactly in the spirit with which they are trying to inculcate American youth by extolling the cult of force."

Oh, boy!

BROWN ON BROWN

Jimmy Brown, the fine fullback for the Cleveland Browns of the National Football League, last week voiced some objections to the way Paul Brown, the Cleveland coach, had used him during the 1961 season. "It was my feeling," said Jimmy, "that I was asked to do more than my share. I made more than 300 rushes and caught 46 passes. . . Obviously the club had planned to trade Bobby Mitchell, a great runner and flanker. So I was given many of his plays. I have never objected to doing my bit, but I don't care to take the burden to help a trading scheme on the part of the club."

Brown said he might quit pro football for the public relations field, a maneuver that could jar the Cleveland front office into granting him a substantial raise in 1962. It would be well deserved. With Mitchell gone and the chances slim that rookie Halfback Ernie Davis will become a superstar overnight, Jimmy Brown can look forward to more and harder work next season in Paul Brown's solid but unimaginative offense. **END**

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Sports Illustrated
JANUARY 22, 1962

THE COACHES TAKE OVER

In the continuing battle for power among track men, the AAU suffered another serious blow last week as the colleges voted unanimously to back a new track and field federation and to stage a rival championship meet

by TEX MAULE

The death of the Amateur Athletic Union (first reported as imminent in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED on Sept 25, 1961) came a step nearer last week in Chicago during the 56th annual convention of the National Collegiate Athletic Association. At an orderly and well-attended session in the gym-sized Williford Room of the Conrad Hilton Hotel, the college track and field coaches of the nation formed the United States Track and Field Federation, which will represent the majority of runners and field-event men and women in America.

The vote in favor of federation was only one of a series of developments that further eroded the rapidly diminishing power of the AAU. Coaches of basketball and gymnastics at the NCAA meeting voted to form separate federations for their own sports. It is likely that their lead will be followed soon by coaches of swimming and wrestling. If the AAU survives in any form, it will be as an equal or pro-rated shareholder with the big and small colleges, the high schools and the armed services.

The movement toward federation did not begin with the track coaches. Basketball men had been quarreling with AAU leadership longer. In 1920 they formed a national basketball council, which is even now petitioning the international governing body of the sport for recognition. But the USTFF, organized by the National Collegiate Track Coaches Association, is the first organization of any importance to formally challenge the authority of the AAU.

The track coaches have a wonderfully potent weapon with which to do battle: the means and the men to stage a national championship in track and field in direct competition with the AAU National Championship on June 22-23. The AAU championships are scheduled for Walnut, Calif., on the outskirts of Los Angeles. The coaches authorized their officers to plan their own championships on the same days in the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum. The federation championships thus would follow the NCAA and NAIA (small colleges) meets and would be open to all athletes who qualify by time or distance for entry.

The Coliseum, with the Los Angeles Dodgers moving to Chavez Ravine, is installing what may be the finest running track in the country. It is expected to be ready long before June. "Some of the federation people have talked to me about this meet," says Bill Nicholas, chairman of the Los Angeles Coliseum Commission. "The Coliseum is available on those dates and there is no reason why the U.S. Track and Field Federation cannot use it."

If the USTFF and AAU meets do indeed come off on the same days, it is likely that the AAU entry list will read like a "who's nobody" of American track. In addition to all the college and high school athletes, the federation meet should attract the best of the postgraduate athletes, 50 of whom already are on record (SI, Sept 25) as having endorsed the track and field federation. The NAIA has not yet placed its seal of approval on the new federation, but it is expected to do so when it meets in Kansas City in March.

Al Duer, the executive secretary of the NAIA, said last week, "I cannot speak for the NAIA as a group but I have talked to coaches and officials and I know that they favor this kind of organization. Some kind of democratic organization for the administration of track and field must come soon. We want to be assured that we will be given proportionate representation. If we are, we are for it I am sure."

Some postgraduate athletes are stronger in their support of the track federation meet than Duer. Harold Connolly, the world-record holder in the hammer throw, said last week, "I would compete for the federation rather than the AAU tomorrow. This is the best news I've heard in a long time." Connolly and his wife Olga had just returned home from a long cold afternoon's training when Connolly was interviewed. Olga, who is one of the best women discus throwers in the world, said, "I was very cold when I heard this, but now I am warm. I may begin competing again."

"I would certainly run for the federation and not for the AAU," said Jim Beatty, who, with Oregon's Dyrol Burleson, is one of the two best milers in the country. Parry O'Brien, senior citizen of the shot, was not as impetuous or as positive as Connolly or Beatty, but he did say that he would compete for the federation. "By the time this thing comes up," O'Brien said, "the AAU should

continued on page 46

THE ORGANIZATIONS AND WHAT THEY STAND FOR

Like a proliferating bureaucracy, amateur athletics has brewed its own bewildering soup of alphabetical titles. Below are the main organizations concerned in the dispute over control of track and field, with capsule descriptions of what each says and does.

AMATEUR ATHLETIC UNION For 74 years the AAU has been the major power for U.S. amateur athletics nationally and internationally. It:

Governs and administers all amateur athletics in the U.S., has special agreements and alliances with, among others, the National Collegiate Athletic Association, the YMCA, the National Association of Intercollegiate Athletics (small colleges), the CYO, the armed forces and the U.S. Olympic Committee.

Sets and maintains tests for amateur standing and rules for the government of sports within its jurisdiction.

Claims jurisdiction over 16 sports, including track and field, basketball, gymnastics, wrestling and swimming.

Supervises those sports over which it has control and protects their participants from professional interference.

Supervises and conducts district and national championships (and occasionally disqualifies athletes who compete in other than AAU meets).

Recently the AAU elected new officers, with emphasis on the armed forces (the services generally cast their Olympic vote with the AAU), created the new post of executive director and split the duties of the former secretary-treasurer, Dan Ferris, who has been retired.

THE ARGUMENT: The AAU denies NCAA charges that it is dictatorial. It also claims that the NCAA is lax in maintaining amateur standards for college athletes (especially in its wrestling and gymnastics programs) and is lax in adopting international rules, to the detriment of our international participation.

NATIONAL COLLEGIATE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION Formed in 1906, this organization serves as the overall national discussion, legislative and administrative body for major universities and colleges on matters of intercollegiate athletics. It:

Represents the colleges before Congress on various matters.

Sets and enforces rules, promotes and improves sports, preserves records, supervises contests, examines phases of competitive athletics and legislates on general administrative matters.

It is governed by an 18-member policy-making council elected at its annual convention, where each active (524) and allied (32) member has a vote. An executive committee of 10 transacts business, administers association affairs and carries out policies made by the council. Thirteen general committees, 13 rules committees and six meet committees aid the council in determining policy through reports and recommendations.

THE ARGUMENT: The NCAA feels it represents a majority of U.S. athletes yet it has only a minimal voice in the affairs of the AAU. It claims the AAU is politically oriented, old-fashioned, inadequate and at best careless about its obligations to the athlete. It has, therefore, endorsed the creation of new federations for track and field, gymnastics, etc.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETICS This organization represents 465 small colleges but has little investigatory or enforcing powers. It is an allied voting member of the AAU. Sometimes it finds itself in conflict with the NCAA over matters of jurisdiction.

THE ARGUMENT: The NAIA has consistently denied that the NCAA has a right to speak for all college athletics. It insists that the NAIA be represented directly on any coordinating bodies and that it have a vote proportionate to its size on all amateur athletic questions.

INTERNATIONAL AMATEUR ATHLETIC FEDERATION Made up of 100 member countries, this is the supreme governing body for world track and field. It makes rules for international competition and decides who may compete, where and when. It is the IAAF that will decide ultimately whether the AAU or the USTFF will represent the U.S. in international competition.

NATIONAL COLLEGIATE TRACK COACHES ASSOCIATION Numbering 860 members, the NCTCA includes NCAA, NAIA and high school coaches. It forms the basis for the insurgent track and field group.

U.S. TRACK AND FIELD FEDERATION This is the name chosen by the track coaches for their new organization. Its founders propose that it be run by an executive committee and a professional staff that will be responsible to a governing council made up of one man from each of six groups, the NCAA, NAIA, AAU, high schools, armed forces and independent clubs. These groups would have proportionate voting rights within the association.

INTERNATIONAL OLYMPIC COMMITTEE The world's governing body for the Olympic Games, this organization drafts a general program, determines world amateur standards and selects Olympic sites. Its executive committee serves as a jury of honor or appeal at the Games.

U.S. OLYMPIC COMMITTEE This organization, which represents U.S. interests in the IOC, was formed recently by the amalgamation of two groups. Incorporated under Congress, it is a unicameral organization with a 42-member board of directors, in which the AAU has eight votes and the NCAA eight. The executive board of 25 members includes the secretary-treasurer and seven members of the AAU and the executive director and seven members of the NCAA.

SINGING THE BLUES IN ST. LOUIS

Shrewd Ben Kerner dreamed up a team of champions and made a fortune with them, but now the Hawks are dead on their feet

by RAY CAVE

Some blamed it on bad luck, others on old age. Some blamed it on one fast rookie, others on three slow veterans. Some blamed it on the forceful coach who was fired, others on the forceful owner who fired him. There was even a case for blaming it all on Khrushchev. But regardless of whose fault it is, it seemed quite plain last week—as they lost three games to teams they habitually had torn to tatters—that the once-mighty St. Louis Hawks, who have been shockingly and surprisingly dying since the National Basketball Association season began, aren't dying anymore. They are stone-cold dead.

How could a team that had won five consecutive Western Division titles and a world championship fall so far so fast, especially since its three most-publicized players were still available? The answer is logical, although it was unforeseeable. Two other players, skilled but unselfish, had made the Hawk machinery run. Without them, the team slowed down to a walk, as vulnerable in the fight for survival as the dinosaur. Indeed, the Hawks are now the dinosaurs of the NBA.

The St. Louis Hawks are the sole property of the wiliest and most successful promoter in the NBA, astute Ben Kerner. He rules them paternally or tyrannically, depending on the point of view. He brought the team to St. Louis from Milwaukee in 1955, at which point he didn't have enough money left from 10 years of losing basketball to buy shoelaces for their sneakers. That first year in St. Louis the Hawks made $6,000. Since then they have earned Ben Kerner a net profit of more than $1 million in a league where owners congratulate themselves when they break even.

An excellent trader, Kerner built a winning team and sold it with spectacular imagination. This year, for example, his promotions will cost $60,000, a total most NBA teams wouldn't spend between now and doomsday. The St. Louis Symphony Orchestra played after one Hawk game this year. Jazz trumpeter Al Hirt will give a concert after another. A bowling tournament and rock 'n' roll dance are scheduled, and Count Basie will play at the annual "victory party," an ill-named affair that was arranged before the season started. "We'll hold it anyway. The fans deserve it," said Kerner recently. "Maybe we won't invite the players."

Kerner's most subtle and important promotion, however, concerned the Hawks' high scoring front line, Bob Pettit, Cliff Hagan and Clyde Lovellette. He ran a contest to get a name for them, settled on "The Unmatchables," and soon had all St. Louis thinking they *were* unmatchable. And though, as one ex-player put it, "He changes coaches like dirty socks" (seven in seven seasons), there was no changing of The Unmatchables. An image had been sold and Kerner wasn't about to break it up, even though he knew it had flaws.

"Yes, I built an image," said Kerner in his office last week, his face contorting in exquisite anguish as he talked of his troubles. "And rightfully. They are good players. They won me five division championships. Can I knock that? But these days you must have superstars in basketball. These players aren't superstars and they never were, no matter what people thought.

"So now people come to me and they say, 'What's wrong? Hagan can't play defense. Lovellette can't run. Pettit can't handle the ball. What's happened?' Nothing has happened. You think Hagan could ever play defense? You think Lovellette was ever a Carry Back? Last year we were fining him $25 every time he didn't get back to mid court. Those three are playing as well today as they did when we won. Maybe better. Other things have happened."

The "other things" were obvious. First, by winning, the Hawks were always drafting next to last, thus missing out on the Robertsons, Baylors and Wests who were greatly strengthening the competition. Second, the Hawks have always had to have a good ball handling guard to get the ball up to the big three. When the team was losing in 1956 Kerner gave up a fine talent, Willie Naulls, to get Slater Martin, who was just such a guard. With Martin they won. When Martin retired the Hawks got Lennie Wilkens, who teamed with John McCarthy to do the job last season.

"So comes East Berlin West Berlin," says Kerner, "and they keep Wilkens in the Army. Then everybody finds out what Cincinnati learned late last year, and we are in trouble."

Cleo, the unready rookie

What Cincinnati discovered was that the Hawks could be consistently beaten with a combination of a pressing defense and a fast break offense. "It's a wonder the league didn't find it out three years ago," says Kerner. "Sometimes I think we did it all with mirrors." But the Hawks might still have survived had not Paul Seymour, their coach, recognized their weakness and made two decisions. He decided a rookie, Cleo Hill, could be the answer to the guard problem, and that the Hawk offense must change, with more running by the big three and more set plays in which they would set up the guards for scores. Seymour was strategically right but psychologically wrong.

Hagan (31), Pettit (30) and Lovellette (33) couldn't have changed their style

HAPLESS HAWKS ARE ABLE TO GET ONLY ONE MAN, CLIFF HAGAN, NEAR BASKET AS ENTIRE NEW YORK TEAM CONTROLS A REBOUND

if they wanted to. What's more, Kerner didn't want them to. "They fill my house the way they play now [*i.e.*, doing all the scoring]," he told Seymour bluntly. "So now I'll give you a secret," he said last week. "Sometimes you build a myth. Then you get to be the victim of your own promotion."

Four weeks after the season started, Kerner fired Seymour and hired the much-traveled Fuzzy Levane. Seymour had been right that skittery Cleo Hill was the most promising guard on the team, but he had tried to force Hill on the Hawks before Cleo or the team was ready. At one point he threatened a $100 fine for the next Hawk who didn't pass to Hill. Then an injury cost McCarthy for the season. With no first-rank ball handler to set them up, the front-liners were exposed as Kerner's "myth." What was apparent to Kerner in St. Louis was also evident on courts in three alien towns last week. Fuzzy Levane, not so much baffled by the team he had inherited as horrified by it, showed his concern before a big game against Detroit in Philadelphia. The Hawks may have to catch Detroit to make the playoffs. "We're too slow," said Levane grimly. "When we do run we can't handle the ball."

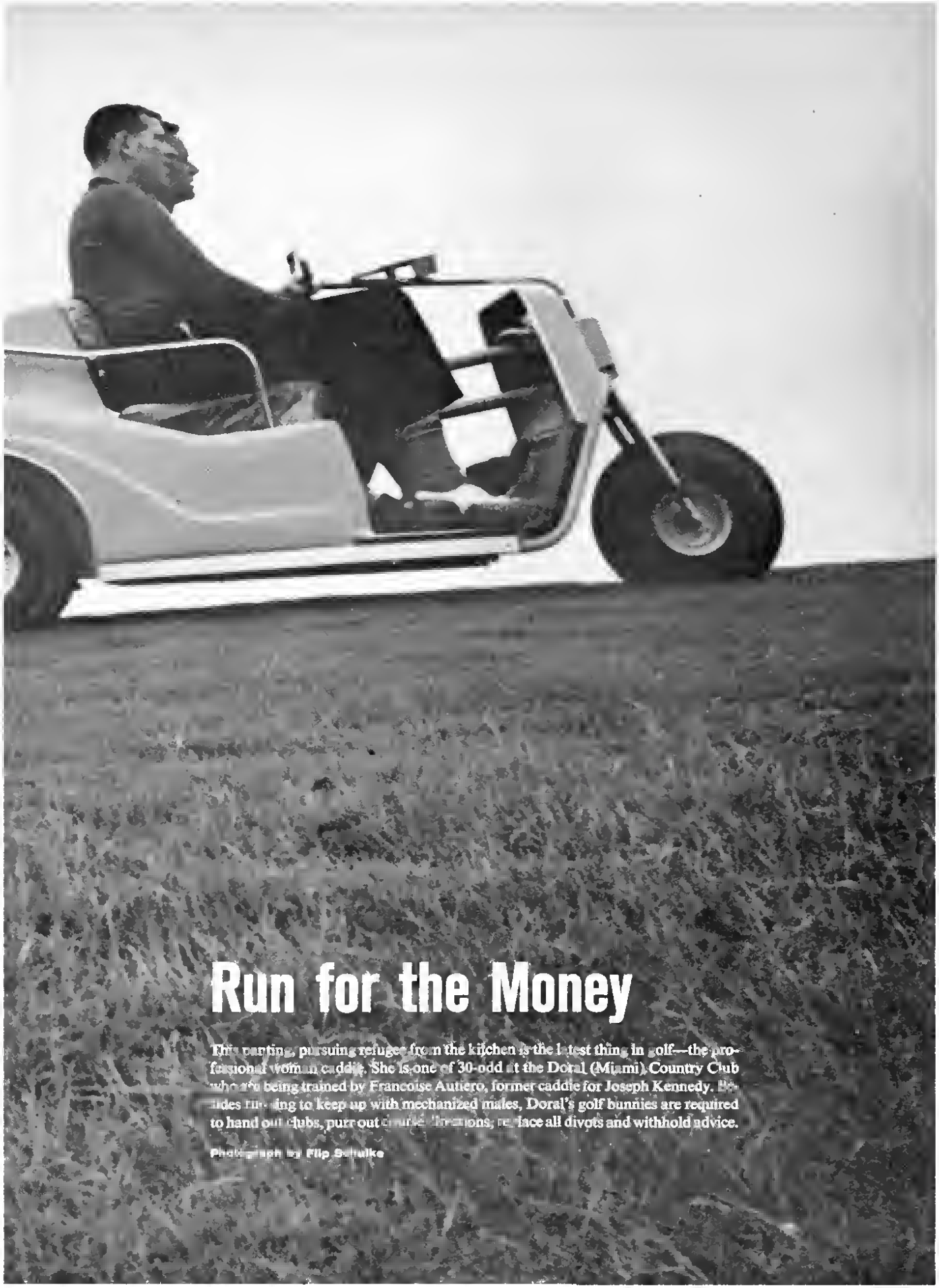
"All I know," said Pettit, who is playing his finest ball, "is I go out there every night feeling I've got to fight for my life." The Hawks fought furiously against Detroit, but the Piston backcourt broke the game open in the third period with the kind of guard scoring St. Louis can never get. That gave the Hawks their 27th defeat in 42 games. "I thought sure we'd win," said Larry Foust, subbing for Lovellette, who is now also injured. "We have a defeatist complex. Why? Hell. Put 10 human beings together and you've got 10 mysteries."

The next night at Syracuse, Levane came sadly out of the locker room after a pregame meeting. "I told them they've got to run, run, run," said Levane. "Then I looked at who I was talking to and I realized I might as well be talking to myself." He sounded like he knew in advance what the score would be. He did. The Nats' slick guard, Hal Greer, treated the Hawks like a Globetrotter toying with stooges. By the second half the Hawk attack had degenerated into nothing but outside shots. Woefully slow, their defense was negligible. They lost 134–122, and never looked worse.

Friday night in Boston the Hawks blew a 17-point lead in the second half to lose to those Eastern Division doormats, the New York Knicks. They were run to death, and a fast Knick guard, Al Butler, destroyed them. "A lot of people underestimate the value of the small man today," said big Bill Russell of the Celtics, who was watching. "They take the pressure off the big men."

Back in St. Louis the man who built the myth was surprisingly resigned. "The image has been destroyed," he said. "Now I can trade The Unmatchables. They'll understand. I made this team on deals, deals, deals. There isn't anybody who can fix it now but me."

Some year, maybe even next year, shrewd Ben Kerner will fix the Hawks. Meanwhile, to mark the time everything went wrong at once, Count Basie ought to dedicate a tune to troubled Ben at the coming "victory party." *St. Louis Blues* would be nice. **END**



Run for the Money

This panting, pursuing refugee from the kitchen is the latest thing in golf—the professional woman caddie. She is one of 30-odd at the Doral (Miami) Country Club who are being trained by Francoise Autiero, former caddie for Joseph Kennedy. Besides running to keep up with mechanized mates, Doral's golf bunnies are required to hand out clubs, purr out course directions, replace all divots and withhold advice.

Photograph by Flip Schulke

Meeting All Comers

Photographs by Brian Seed

The carnival boxer or wrestler was once as standard at county fairs throughout the world as the cooch dancer and the crockery booth. In England alone there were more than 80 boxing booths still flourishing at the turn of the century, and many of England's finest fighters, from 18th century champion Jim Figg down to Randy Turpin and Tommy Farr, got their training meeting all comers in the tiny, smoky carnival rings.

Now there are only a few such journeymen pugilists left in the world. Of the dozen booths that still flourish in England, the most celebrated, perhaps, is Ron Taylor's gaudy Excelsior Pavilion (*below*), where boisterous lads from England's

shires still try their fistic skill against calloused old pros who get around $14 a day. For lasting three one-and-a-half-minute rounds a bumpkin collects about $4.

As a youngster, Taylor, a feisty little Welshman, once boxed in the very booth he now runs; his father would pit him against a heavyweight if he wanted to punish him. Taylor's sharp looks and speech come from years of persuading customers into his booth and appraising fighters ("custy mushes") and fools. "My grandmother used to challenge all comers," he says, recalling a zestier era. "She wore protectors on her chest, but she never needed them. Nobody she ever went up against could even come close to hitting her."

AS THE CROWD HESITATES, Pitchman Taylor gestures persuasively and Middleweight Jimmy Assani waits patiently for a victim to volunteer. Some of Taylor's pros have fought as many as 900 fights, but one of them says, "I still pray, 'Oh, Lord, let me win the easiest way.'"

CONTINUED

BOXING BOOTHS *continued*

PRICE OF RASHNESS is a cut and bleeding eye hastily patched with adhesive tape in mid-battle as a brave young miner in Neath, Wales stands up (or attempts to) against one of Ron Taylor's scarred and battered old professionals.

REWARD FOR BRAVERY is a handful of banknotes, duly paid over to the brash youngster by Promoter Taylor for going the full distance with his fighter. One of the enthusiastic spectators hailed the fight as a "real dingdong battle."

DRIVING A CORVETTE IS THE ONLY THING THAT'S BETTER THAN RIDING IN ONE!

We may have overlooked an important facet of Corvette life in all our talk about the thrill of driving one. There are great rider benefits here, too. The passenger shares the driver sensations of thoroughbred performance and almost-gyroscopic stability, but without the discomforts and Spartan self-exposure that are usually associated with riding shotgun. Ladies find that they don't have to trade a hairdo and forty minutes' careful face-putting-on for one exhilarating ride in a Corvette; they're protected from the wind and weather almost as though they were riding in a closed car. In fact, with minimum effort, they can be. Corvette's manual top is completely weatherproof, and any red-blooded girl could raise it alone and unaided. (For gadget-lovers and loafers there's a power-operated top* that's practically sinful.) There's also a hardtop that can be had in place of the soft one, or in addition to it as an extra*. All in all, the Corvette is a truly delightful machine that can make going lots better than getting there. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

*Optional at extra cost

CORVETTE BY CHEVROLET

RUB-A-DUB-DUB, A GIRL IN A SUB

Having mastered the airways (SI, Aug. 25, 1958), a housewife takes to the sea at the helm of a submarine built for two

by JOAN DICKINSON

On a drab day in the dreary beginning of winter, I walked into Abercrombie & Fitch's New York store to look at a used shotgun and fell in love with a shiny yellow submarine. On Abercrombie's ground floor, the submarine—14 feet long, missile-shaped and sleek—was poised on a boat trailer as if ready for adventure and only momentarily awaiting discovery. It had two open cockpits; in the rear one there were controls to drive the propeller and operate the elevator and rudder at the stern. According to a notice Scotch-taped to the bow, the submarine was constructed of fiber glass and could cruise four miles an hour for two hours on one battery charge. Made in Italy, it was sold by Healthways of Los Angeles. Cost: $1,500.

I left the submarine there, but I could not forget it. I am a busy woman—full-time housewife and part-time writer—my mind so jam-packed with necessary and extraneous matter that there is seldom room for any more distractions. Regardless, that evening and all the next day and the next evening the bright yellow sub kept cruising through my thoughts.

The following day I went back to Abercrombie's to look at my love again. It was gone. I searched the floor in growing dismay until a salesman asked me if I were looking for a particular item. "Yes," I said. "What happened to the submarine?"

"What submarine?"

"The one you had here a few days ago."

"Here?" He sounded quite startled.

"Not a real one," I explained. "I mean, not the big Navy kind. A small one, just for two."

He went to find someone who might know. The someone he found sent me to the purchasing agent, who had bought the submarine in the first place. The purchasing agent was a strong believer in small submarines. He spoke dreamily of the part they would play in the future, but he had sad news. The sub that had caught my eye was truly gone, sold to a quiz show.

When I told him I was going to Los Angeles soon on business, the purchasing agent suggested that while there I should certainly try boarding the sport's No. 1 sea lion right in his home waters. The West Coast sea lion he had in mind is a large, full-voiced and exuberant north Italian named Gustav Dalla Valle, the commander of the Healthways submarine fleet.

During my stay in Los Angeles, Gustav Dalla Valle did not have time to teach me to run a sub, but he started me on my way by letting me ride with him in the vertical jungles of kelp off Catalina Island. Gustav has been diving steadily for 25 years—a constantly joyful man whenever seawater is flowing through his lush, sun-bleached mustache. In our tour off Catalina he piloted the sub with vigor, first running it on the surface at low speed, then at high speed, forward and reverse, circling and zigzagging. Then suddenly with a warning bellow, "There she goes!" he pushed the bow under. For 15 minutes as I alternately held my breath and gasped for air, he continued dunking us up and down, running the sub like a porpoise. Each time we surfaced he would bellow through the water draining from his mustache, demanding to know how I liked it. Before I could say "Fine" or "I am beginning to drown," down we would go again.

After this porpoisy stint, using scuba gear, I traveled for about 20 minutes underwater with Gustav. Near the end of this undersea tour, Gustav dived the sub to 50 feet. I had every intention of going the full 50 with him, but during the descent, while trying to equalize ear pressure, I fell out. Or more correctly, I fell *up*. Being too buoyant, I simply floated out of my seat as the sub continued down.

I took some of Catalina's water back

continued

Photograph by Coles Phinizy

GUSTAV OALLA VALLE PROMOTED SUB

JOAN DICKINSON FELL IN LOVE WITH IT

JORDAN KLEIN TAUGHT HER TO RUN IT

east with me—two ears full and some in my sinuses, but not enough to put out the fire. Gustav had told me that when I dried out, if I was still set on becoming a pilot, in Miami I would find an expert submariner named Jordan Klein. And so it was, when I went south several months later, that I became a pupil of Jordan Klein, a versatile pilot, a master of submarines, hydroplanes, airplanes and fast motor cars. Jordan wears a neat black beard and has large black eyes that assume astounding proportions underwater—he has the look of a Spanish grandee, the tastes of a Portago but none of the flamboyance. He always talks softly and has great patience, derived no doubt from working with strange machines and contending with half idiots like myself who are attracted to them. As we towed the sub to water behind Jordan's car, at stoplights along the boulevards the people would stare and inquire. Jordan would usually explain that it was a submarine, or sometimes, just for the hell of it, that it was a rocket in which we were going to shoot ourselves high into the sky. Either answer would do: Miami is that kind of town.

Piloting the sub, Jordan pointed out, is basically simple (now that I think about it, so is riding a barrel over Niagara). The operation of the sub's throttle and elevators and rudder is no great problem, for the sub is not very sensitive in its response to these controls. But there is a hooker in the deal, another control. When properly weighted, the sub is barely buoyant, riding very low, cockpits awash, like a swamped canoe. Of necessity, there is a buoyancy control, located between the cockpits, so it can be submerged and resurfaced efficiently whether it is underway or standing still. The buoyancy chamber of the Healthways sub is simply an inverted box open at the bottom. By means of a switch, the pilot valves air into this boxlike chamber from a tank. In a hole in the top of the buoyancy chamber there is an open-ended hollow pipe that slides up and down like the handle of a butter churn. When this hollow pipe is pulled up so its lower end is flush with the top of the chamber, naturally all air can escape. The farther the pipe is pushed down, the more air the chamber will hold. As any skin diver knows, there is a further complication: air is compressible, displacing less water the deeper you go and displacing more as you ascend, thus, the amount of lift derived from any given quantity of air varies with the depth.

The buoyancy chamber, Jordan said, was something I would have to experiment with, and for my first try he wisely towed the sub behind his 20-foot inboard into the ocean where I would be clear of the crowd—and vice versa. From the very start I ran the sub rather well on the surface, circling and coming alongside Jordan's anchored boat with aplomb. Then, to my chagrin, with Jordan seated backward in the forward cockpit to observe me, I failed to watch where I was going while concentrating on the buoyancy control on my first attempt to submerge. I ran into Jordan's boat. Its hull would bear the marks to this day, except that Jordan, bless him, leaned forward in the nick of time and took much of the impact himself. Such is the love of a man for his boat.

On my next try to submerge, I succeeded spectacularly. Depressing the elevator all the way, I kept raising and raising the buoyancy pipe, letting out air. Suddenly the sub responded, going down at a 45° angle, gathering speed, a machine possessed. I expected the nose to bury in the sand 20 feet below, but instead it hit and rebounded five feet. Meanwhile, I had quickly lowered the buoyancy pipe and added entirely too much air. So back up we zoomed, almost straight up. The bow of the sub broke the surface, hung in thin air and, like a rocket fizzling at Canaveral, fell back into the sea.

Before the day was done, I had managed to go down and come back without bouncing off the bottom, but I could never achieve the delightful hovering state of neutral buoyancy. Most of the time the sub seemed to go in right-hand circles and seldom traveled level. Somewhere hidden in its machinery it had a mind of its own. I was at the controls, but it was running me around.

For my second day of training, Rick Fried, a friend of Jordan, towed the sub behind his boat to the outer reefs of the Florida Keys. It is in such lovely waters that the bright yellow sub belongs. As if sensing this, on our first tour below, with Jordan piloting, the sub was on its best behavior. We sailed through a vast scene of flowing forms, of motion and colors mixed, past shining clouds of yellow grunts, past a barracuda poised like a sword, its face full of hate. There on the side of a coral scarp by my shoulder

continued

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was a sea urchin, five times larger than I expected, a glistening, symmetrical sunburst of delicate, lacquered spines. On top of the scarp, lavender sea fans spread giant filigreed leaves to the light, their edges tattered and yellowed like lace discolored by age. Over the middle of a canyon the soft whine of the engine died as Jordan cut off the power. We drifted in silence and settled on the limy floor.

Climbing out, we found that somewhere along the way we had picked up a passenger. An 18-inch remora had clamped onto the hull. The full significance of this gesture by the remora is inescapable. The remora species are habitual hitchhikers, customarily riding around affixed to large sharks, rays, billfish and other worthy travelers. Our sub had acquired the status of a big and important fish; on its hull it carried a remora, the underwaterworld's official stamp of approval. Having observed the remora awhile, I concluded that the honor might be short-lived. Whenever we started up, the remora had difficulty holding to the slick fiber glass. It kept sliding back until its tail was scant inches from the propeller.

MISLED remora, taking sub for shark, clamps on the hull.

After five minutes of dawdling in the canyon, Jordan motioned me into the pilot seat. I started cautiously, switching just enough air into the buoyancy chamber to lift us off, and for a few seconds we moved serenely along the canyon. Then, as if it knew my incompetent hands were again at the controls, the sub began picking up speed. The channel narrowed and 30 feet ahead came to a dead end. I pulled back on the stick but could not get the nose up enough. I could not decide whether to cut the engine while I was still over the landing strip, so to speak, or hit the air switch hard and try to lift the sub over the reef. Finally, too late, I hit the switch, blasting more air into the buoyancy chamber than it would hold. The excess air swooshed out of the open bottom, bubbling up around me in a roaring white cloud, obscuring Jordan and the reef.

I thought we might make it. Kaboom! We hit. The nose had cleared the top, the keel hit amidships. For an instant in the swirl I saw Jordan teetering above me, like a kid on the other end of a seesaw. Then he dropped out of sight. From the sound, I felt sure I had shaken both Jordan and a section of the hull loose. But when the water cleared, good old Jordan was still in the front cockpit and the hull intact. I had skinned my knee.

The coral grew high around us. Switching on a little air to lift us off, I put the throttle in reverse, backed off, added more air and hedgehopped the top of the reef, clipping sea fans as I went. Getting back some confidence with this maneuver, I tried to surface. I proceeded slowly, remembering that a diver should never ascend faster than his bubbles. I looked to port and starboard and behind me for a bubble with which to pace myself. I looked up for a bubble. Oh God—the boat! We were coming up directly under Rick Fried's boat. Our forward speed would never carry us clear. I had to get down. In panic I pushed the stick full forward. I pushed the buoyancy pipe all the way down—exactly the wrong thing. I had pushed it down to go down. It's *up* to go down, and *down* to go up. Too late now. But Jordan, rising in his seat with his customary finesse, took most of the impact.

This collision had not been so jolting as the earlier ones, perhaps in some small way I was making progress. Slowly, slowly, I did learn, so that toward the close of my third day, Jordan was satisfied to let Rick Fried ride and play front bumper for me. That afternoon Fried and I had no collisions and only one close call: on our first descent, cautiously angling up-current to avoid ramming Rick into his own boat, I almost garroted him on the anchor line.

Over a 30-foot bottom Rick and I played chase with a big barracuda pack and prowled over the memories and remains of a sunken ship. Skeletal fragments of the wreck were still intact—the wood stem, some planking and bared ribs now silvered by the chemistry of the

continued

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sea, and the ship's cargo of cement bags, now turned to stone. Off to one side lay a broken chair, and in a clot of sea fans a bevy of fish danced atop a rusty bedspring. The sea takes for its own all alien objects, absorbing them or transforming those it cannot absorb. As we crisscrossed over the wreck, all of it looked as if it now belonged there, except possibly the broken chair, the bedspring and a toilet bowl that still stared up like a large white eye.

After we had spent about 20 minutes alternately sightseeing around the wreck and making forays into the barracuda pack, Rick left. He simply stretched his arms out and floated off.

I was alone. The sun was low, the water darker now and bluer. I should probably return to the boat too, but I could not just yet. I had the feel of the controls now. I steered the sub into the hollows and lifted it safely over the brows of coral domes. I sailed up and up, out of reach of the long-fingered gorgonians and the sea whips, holding the sub steady on its course through the troubled upper waters. I drifted back down, skimming the bottom, prop-washing the parrots and angelfish that browsed in brown pastures of encrusting coral. I wandered past graveyards of dead coral, through wine-colored gardens of feathers and fans. Like Alice in her Wonderland, I might never be wholly accepted here, but I was no longer a stranger. And for this short time, at least, I was mistress of the domain, riding through it in style on a special kind of magic carpet. **END**

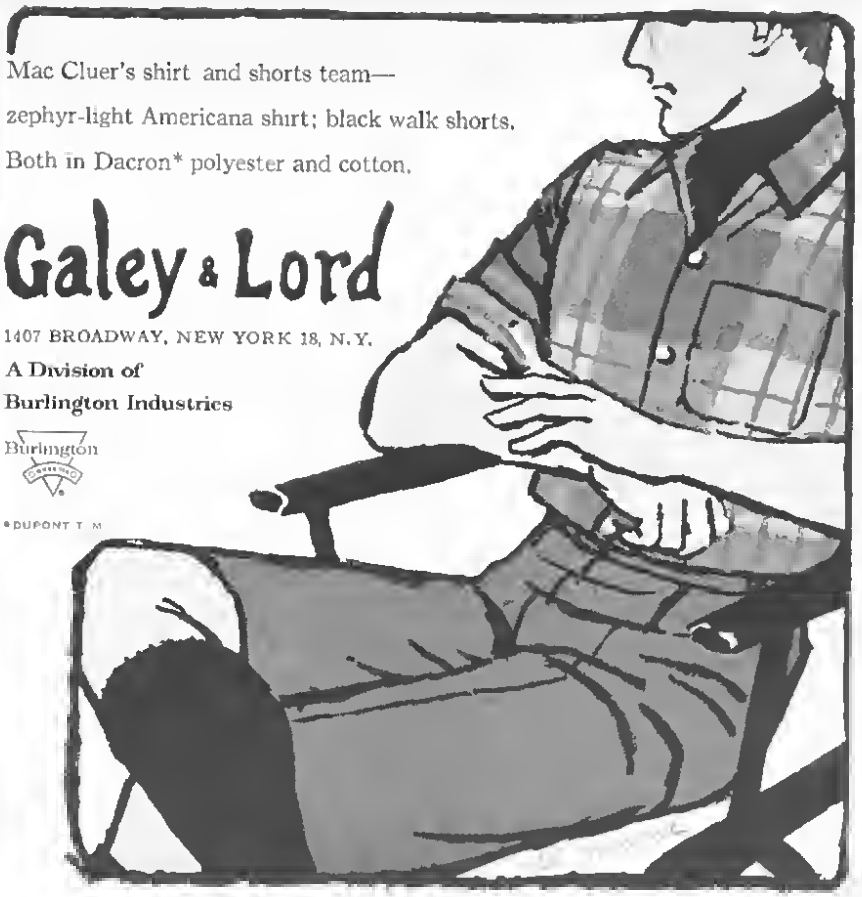
SUBMARINE FACTS

The submarine is available in U.S. from all Healthways dealers, six-week delivery, $1,500. Deluxe model, $2,500, has built-in scuba units and plexiglass canopy.

Maximum speed, forward and reverse: 6 knots on surface and 3 below.

Length overall: 14 feet 6 inches. Gross weight: 775 pounds. In a special cradle, it is easily towed on boat trailers.

Cockpit space allows both occupants to wear scuba tank blocks supplying enough air at shallow depths to stay down for almost a complete two-hour cruise on one battery charge. Time required to recharge sub batteries using common trickle chargers, six to 24 hours, using quick charger at service station, one hour.



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HERE COMES JUMBO

by GERALD HOLLAND

And coming to the big indoor meets with Jumbo, who is Coach James Francis Elliott of Villanova University, will be a track team he ranks with his great one of 1957. In a day crowded with crises involving a cocker spaniel, a catastrophe at the golf club, the loss of a prized topcoat and dealings in tractors and bulldozers, Jumbo tells why

It was only 7.30 o'clock in the morning, but Kay Elliott (who was Katherine O'Malley before she married Jumbo 19 years ago) already had served seven bacon-and-egg breakfasts, packed four lunches and now was circling the table in the dining room of the big stone house in Haverford, Pa. passing out vitamin tablets.

At the head of the table, reading the sports pages, sat Jumbo himself: James Francis Elliott, highly successful salesman of heavy building equipment, three-handicap golfer, chairman of the greens committee at the Aronimink Golf Club and famous coach of Villanova University's track and field teams.

I was there to spend a day making the rounds with Jumbo and to investigate reports that he was coming up this year with the best team he has had since 1957, when Villanova had, among others, Ron Delany, the miler, and Don Bragg, the pole vaulter, and had won practically everything in sight, including team championships in the National AAU indoor, the IC4A indoor and outdoor and the NCAA.

"Let's see the homework," said Kay Elliott, sitting down for a cup of coffee. Joy, 7, Jeffrey, 8, and Tommy, 11, passed over their notebooks. Jimmy Jr., 14, a high school freshman, didn't bother, nor was he expected to, for he is a remarkably fast study and gets consistently high grades.

Jumbo folded his newspaper and slapped it against the table. "By golly," he said, looking around as if he had just decided the point, "I love sports. I love *all* sports."

"You don't love tennis," said Joy softly.

Startled, Jumbo looked sharply at his red-haired daughter.

"Why, that's right," he said. "I don't love tennis. But I don't dislike it. I don't hate tennis. I'm just not crazy about it."

"Dad," said Jimmy, "do you think Frank Budd will turn professional?" Frank Budd, Villanova's great sprinter, the world's fastest human as holder of the world record of 9.2 for the 100-yard dash, has been drafted by the Philadelphia Eagles although he hasn't played football since high school.

"Why," said Jumbo, "that's up to Frank, Jimmy. I think he could make it in pro football if he wanted to. Of course, I'd like to see him stay eligible for the next Olympics. I'd like to see him stay on at Villanova and study law. I think Frank would make a very good lawyer. He could turn pro and still study law. He's thinking it over."

"Do you think, coach," I said, "that Frank Budd can equal his own world record in the 100?"

"Can he equal it?" said Jumbo. "I think he'll break it. He ran that 9.2 100-yard dash under what I consider a handicap. He drew the first lane, which isn't as fast as the third, fourth or fifth lanes on any track. Frank himself is much stronger than he was. He ran more last fall, he can take more work than he could in his first three years at Villanova. He has been doing a lot with the weights, working particularly to strengthen that right leg of his. Frank had polio as a child, and his right leg is about two inches smaller at the calf. But with this additional work, he is helping his right leg and smoothing out his technique generally."

Jumbo drained his coffee cup.

"We intend to give Frank more distance work this year," he said, "possibly running him five or six quarter-miles in the next two or three months. This will give him increased stamina for the 220 and it will also help him in the 100 because Frank is one of the fastest starters in the history of track, and with a little more endurance I think he'll be one of the real great, great sprinters of all time. We'll run Frank on the relay team up to and including the Penn Relays. After that he won't run any more quarters. He'll concentrate on sprinting in the National Collegiate, the IC4A and the AAU championships."

Cocker spaniel available

Tommy Elliott, who had been listening carefully to this inside information, leaned forward and said, "Tell about the cocker spaniel."

"Cocker spaniel?" said Jumbo, obviously making an effort to adjust to this swift change of subject.

"You know," said Tommy.

"Oh, yes," said Jumbo, his eyes lighting up. "Kay, this cocker spaniel that showed up out at the club about four months ago. Nobody's come to claim him. I'd say he was six, eight months old, honey-colored, cutest thing you ever saw. You'd love him. Now, what I thought I'd do is bring him home on a trial basis, see how Prince [the Elliott dog, a fierce-looking cross between a German shepherd and a Doberman] gets along with him. What do you think?"

"Jim," said Kay Elliott, "cockers shed terribly. Isn't one dog enough? What do we want with a cocker spaniel?"

"There's a big dog looking in the window right now," I said.

"That's the garbage dog," said Jeff. "He knocks over garbage cans."

A horn sounded outside. It was Tommy's school bus and the signal for a sudden, expertly executed dispersal in the dining room. Notebooks were swiftly redistributed; there was a wild but somehow orderly scramble for hats, coats, scarves and galoshes and, in a twinkling or two, with Kay taking the Ford and Jumbo taking the Cadillac, the Elliotts' show was on the road.

Jumbo's car is a rather special case. He has put 35,000 miles on it in 15

continued

Photographs by James Drake

TABLEAU OF POWER is staged by a beaming Jumbo. From left: Hurdler Leon Pras, Pole Vaulter Rolando Cruz, Shotputter Billy Joe and Sprinters Frank Budd and Paul Drayton, co-captains of this year's team.

PEP TALK, Elliott style is usually a private affair. Here, Sprinter Frank Budd listens.

JUMBO ELLIOTT *Continued*

months. It has never been in the shop (and in very few car washes), and it is Jumbo's theory that the harder a car is driven, the better it performs. It is a theory that may derive from his techniques in training athletes, for time and again—Sprinter Frank Budd is a current case in point—he has persuaded boys that they are capable of more than they themselves thought they could do.

Jumbo's car is special in another way. The back seat is piled high with sales literature describing the merits of the tractors, rollers, cranes, shovels and bulldozers in which Jumbo deals as star salesman for the Frantz Equipment Company, a distributor for a dozen or so manufacturers. Mixed in with the sales material are the rubbers and galoshes that Jumbo puts on when he visits a building project that is in the excavation stage.

Having delivered Joy Elliott at her school, Jumbo gripped the wheel of the big car with his wide eyes sparkling in anticipation of the day's adventures. His day is spent as salesman until 3 in the afternoon, as coach from then on. He travels at top speed, running more than he walks, running with the easy grace of a onetime middle-distance man who was good enough to win a scholarship at Villanova and after that an appointment to West Point. He left the Military Academy after five months because he couldn't be happy there while his widowed mother had to work as a dressmaker. (He put on a uniform again, as a lieutenant commander in the Navy, and saw service in North Africa and France in World War II.)

Jumbo had always worked since he was 7; his father died when he was 3. His first job was a paper route, later he was a grocery delivery boy, then came construction work, and while at Villanova he sold clothes to fellow students and faculty members.

Jumbo is no Jumbo. He got that nickname because the Philadelphia Phillies had a pitcher named Jumbo Jim Elliott years ago. At 47, Coach Elliott keeps fit by his running around, by pedaling on the bicycle in the exercise room at home and by playing golf at Aronimink about once a week.

As we roared along the highway, Jumbo took a ball-point from his pocket and scribbled a note on the memo pad he keeps beside him on the seat. The memo pad has nothing to do with his sales work. He keeps it for putting down ideas about the track team, maybe a hunch about something that will help a certain boy, or an idea for his assistant, Jim Tuppeny, to work on. Putting the pen back in his pocket, he said, "I don't know what I'd do without Jim Tuppeny. Greatest guy in the world."

Everybody's just great

Jumbo's acquaintances, it begins to seem after a little time with him, are made up exclusively of people who are the greatest guys in the world. He delights in talking to people; he says he would wither away if he had to travel far from home and spend lonely hours in hotel rooms. Happily, most of his customers are along Philadelphia's Main Line. He has known them for years and eyes light up when he walks into an office. His laugh rings out, secretaries beam on him and their bosses drop everything to welcome him. However, although the evidence is clear that he is a first-rate salesman, it is difficult for an outsider to tell whether he is selling or just kidding around.

For instance, in the office of "Main Line Joe" Giangiulio, the contractor, the talk was devoted exclusively to the fortunes of Mr. Giangiulio's horse farm and the runners he had entered at Tropical Park in Florida that day. At Contractor Al Conan's one topic under discussion concerned certain salesmen who seek to capitalize on their membership in fraternal organizations, the back of Mr. Conan's hand to them. Jumbo dropped in on Contractor Chris DiFelice to tell him Harry Stuhldreher (one of Notre Dame's famous Four Horsemen) was coming to town and wanted to have lunch with Chris. Mr. DiFelice, who used to buy truck tires from Stuhldreher when he was coaching at Villanova, was delighted with the news. At the office of Hugh McGinn, Jumbo paid high tribute to Mr. McGinn as a devoted family man, a public-spirited citizen—and then charged him with being the toughest man to sell along the entire Main Line. To which Mr. McGinn replied: "Jimmy Elliott, you're as cunning a fox as ever jumped out of a hole."

A little later Jumbo was sliding and sloshing through the mud of a big excavation for an expressway construction within the Philadelphia city limits. A workman spotted him and yelled, "Here comes Jumbo!" Soon Jumbo was surrounded by a group demanding some watch fobs that his company was giving away as a promotion gimmick. Jumbo sloshed back to his car and got a supply and passed them around.

His man here was John Buckley, one of the busiest of the big contractors in the Philadelphia area, who numbers among his present projects a job on the underpinning of the Capitol in Washington. He has been a steady customer of Jumbo's for 15 years, and Jumbo's uncle, Lou Elliott, has been shop superintendent for Mr. Buckley for more than 30 years. Uncle Lou ("absolutely the greatest guy in the world") took over as man of the house, at age 18, when Jumbo's father died.

The talk between Mr. Buckley and Jumbo was drowned out in the din of the excavating equipment, but Jumbo's gestures, his furious scribbling in a notebook, his placing of one hand over his heart and the raising of the other high over his head—as if he were swearing a solemn oath—made it seem clear that the talk was strictly business.

Back at Jumbo's office there was a sheaf of urgent telephone messages from George Bascom, the groundkeeper of the Aronimink Golf Club, who had been working closely with Jumbo in preparing the course for the PGA tournament that will be played there in July. Getting Bascom on the phone, Jumbo learned that during the night there had occurred what Bascom described as a "terrible, terrible catastrophe." A driver, under the influence, had roared into the

main drive, swerved through a fence and plowed into the first tee, knocking over a water fountain and leaving the tee utterly (in George Bascom's view) beyond repair in time for the PGA. Jumbo said he would drive out to inspect the damage right after lunch.

At lunch, another catastrophe was in the making. As Jumbo ate heartily of spaghetti and meatballs, his gabardine coat was taken by mistake and an undistinguished raincoat left in its place. Jumbo was inconsolable. He spurned the raincoat that had been left behind and spoke almost tearfully of his lost coat. "That was the best coat I ever had in my life," he said. "That was no ordinary coat. That was an Eisenhower reject. When Eisenhower was President, the White House called Abe Freeman, who is a clothing manufacturer in Philadelphia, and asked him to send down three gabardine coats for the President's approval. The President picked out one and sent the two others back to Freeman. Abe called me and said if one of the coats fit me it was the chance of a lifetime. Oh, that was a wonderful coat. When it got dirty I'd have it cleaned and it would look brand-new. I never had a coat like it in all my life."

"Don't worry, Jumbo," said the restaurant proprietor. "Whoever took it will bring it back."

"Ha," exclaimed Jumbo in scorn, "do you think anybody will bring back a terrific coat like that? It's gone. It's gone for good."

The vanishing hat

(Jumbo is prone to such minor disasters as had begun to mark this day. Once, on a trip with his track team, he had packed his bag and then was unable to find his hat. He spoke sharply to the desk clerk on the subject of petty thievery. Then he went next door and bought a new hat. He found the old one in his bag when he unpacked at the next town. When he had visited Al Conan, the contractor, earlier in the day he had knocked two maps off the wall and had labored mightily—as the world's unhandiest man with a hammer—to refasten them to the wall. One time he was ruled off the road for driving his muddied Cadillac without a state license plate. After he had had a secretary mail off an application for a new plate, he put his car in the garage for a steam wash. The cleaning uncovered the original plate, bright and shining after the mud had been washed away.)

At the golf club Jumbo inspected the catastrophic damage to the first tee, as described by George Bascom. Joe Capello, the pro, came along.

"Why, this isn't so bad, George," said Jumbo, looking over the tire tracks and the broken drinking fountain at the first tee.

"Not bad?" cried George Bascom in his fine Scotch burr. "Not bad? Mon, it's terrible. Look at that tee. We can't use that. We'll have to play from the front tee. What will the big-time professionals think of that?"

"You can fix this up," said Jumbo. "If you get started right away."

George Bascom rubbed his chin and shook his head sadly. "I might, I suppose. I might. Oh, I'd like to get my hands on the fellow who did this, I have one clue, a bit of red paint that looks like it might be off a car."

"Looks like a case for Eliot Ness," said Jumbo solemnly. "Well, let's get to work on the tee, George, and see what you can do before the first bad snow."

He looked at his watch and whistled. "I'm behind schedule," he said, starting for his car. "Thank heaven for Jim Tuppeny. He'll have the boys working."

At the wooden track that has been set up outside the field house, Jim Tuppeny had the track men running quarters in groups of four. Jumbo conferred with Jim briefly, called out comments to the runners, then drew one boy after another off for private conferences. In these conferences, close observers say, Jumbo can be very kind and encouraging and very tough. If he thinks a boy is loafing, he'll tell him in no uncertain terms. He prods them about their studies, too, and keeps a chart in his office, listing class cuts by every member of the squad.

In place of the Eisenhower reject, lost at lunch, Jumbo was wearing a heavy coat of the style affected by pro football coaches on game days. It was warm, certainly, but it had no sentimental associations for him.

"Why, yes," he said, watching the runners, "I think this is going to be the best team we've had since '57. For one thing, we've got better balance. Our greatest strength, of course, is in the sprints and relays. Frank Budd and Paul Drayton, who are co-captains of the team, should get us a lot of points. Paul has been a great help to Frank. It's really because of Paul that Frank Budd is what he is today. Paul loves to work, but Frank—when he first came to Villanova—thought he couldn't work as hard as we wanted him to. That's not unusual with sprinters. They're a special breed. Frequently a boy who has been a fair sprinter in high school will have the idea that he should take things easy, put on his track shoes, jog around a little, take a few deep breaths, shower and comb his hair—and that's it. Frank was inclined to be a little that way, but with Paul Drayton's example he has worked very hard. Both boys are congenial, get along well and are easy to coach."

SALES TALK is delivered on the job to longtime friend, Contractor John Buckley.

Jumbo waved to Father Rafter, one of his old teachers, who never misses a track practice, rain or shine.

"Now," Jumbo went on, "Bob Coffill will double in the hurdles and will run on the mile relay team with Bobby Raemore, Carl Wagner and Paul Drayton. Drayton has always been our anchor man and I think he's going to be really sensational running that anchor leg this year.

"In the distance running we have Pat Traynor, who holds the IC4A record in the 3,000-meter steeplechase. He had a neck injury last summer, but he's coming along strong and I expect a lot from him. He's better outdoors than indoors. Jon Dante, our IC4A half-mile champion, also has been bothered by injuries, but he's fine now and we think he'll be a strong performer in the half-mile. We have another potentially good half-miler in Alan Jackman, Vic Zwolak can run a 4.11 mile, and I think he can beat 9:00 in the two-mile. He can also run the three-mile.

continued

"In the hurdles, we're pretty well fortified, with Bob Coffill, Charley Hammock and Leon Pras. Pras won the IC4A a couple of times and has had a very good training period this year. He's stronger than he ever was in his life. We have six boys to choose from for our two-mile relay team—Dante, Gerry Hackett, Pat Nicastro, Al Adams, Vic Zwolak and Frank Hegarty. We'll pick the four from that group."

It was getting dark and the team started for the field house.

"As for the field events," Jumbo said, following along behind his athletes, "we're in excellent shape. In the shotput we have Billy Joe [the star of the Villanova football team's upset victory over Wichita in the Sun Bowl last month], and Billy, as you know, won both the indoor and outdoor shotputs in the IC4A last year. He'll be backed up by Gerry Donini, a senior who has been improving rapidly. We've got a very good man in the javelin, Doug Kerr. We expect him to get out around 235,240 this season.

"In the pole vault there's Rolando Cruz. The sky's the limit for him—he did 15-5 as a freshman. Right now we're trying to put some weight on Rolando. He weighs 152 and we'd like to bring him up to 160. He ran more this year than he ever had before and I feel that with all this extra running he will smooth out his pole-vaulting technique and—with added weight—will do big things."

Jumbo walked into the locker room, chatted with Trainer Jake Nevin, who went to Moscow, Warsaw and Stuttgart last summer with the U.S. team coached by Jumbo, had a word or two with several boys, then went on upstairs to his office to look over his mail.

"It's easier to get a boy in shape," Jumbo mused, glancing swiftly over his correspondence, "than to keep him in shape. The fall is the most important time of the year. Then we build a boy up. Now—going into the indoor season—we get him in shape. We can't overwork the boy. We must come to know him as an individual. Some boys require more work than others. We have to be careful about colds. We give them vitamins. We let up on a boy when he's taking examinations. Once the indoor season is under way, the meets themselves enable a boy to keep in condition. We try not to overemphasize a lot of meets. You can't bring a boy up for every meet, because there's always the chance of a letdown. For the important meets like the IC4A we try to bring a boy up as high as possible, but that can be a ticklish matter, too. Track men tend to be tense and nervous anyway and can usually get up enough without any urging or excitement created by the coach himself."

It was time to call it a day. "Jumbo," I said as we drove back to the big stone house in Haverford, "you seem to get a big kick out of selling as well as coaching. Furthermore, from my observation you seem to do very well at it financially. What would happen if you suddenly had to make a choice between the two—selling and coaching? What would you do?"

Jumbo flipped back the narrow brim of his skimpy black hat. He seemed to grip the steering wheel a little tighter.

"What would I do?" he said. "I would not hesitate for one minute, one second. I'd take coaching. Coaching isn't a sometime thing with me. It's been a big chunk of my life. Villanova means something to me. I went to school there when it was just a college with 800 students. I'm in my 27th year as coach. Some of the kids I've coached have kids of their own almost ready for college. They come to visit Kay and me and our children. One of them has seven kids of his own now. It's not as if I had been moving from college to college. I've spent the best part of my life right here. The biggest satisfaction I get is to hear that one of our track boys is doing well—like Fred Dwyer, who's western manager, I believe, for Hallmark cards. Or Joe Marion, our quarter-miler last year, who's doing fine in business."

The Elliotts regrouped at the dinner table. Kay Elliott (she has a maid in to do the housework but does all the cooking herself) produced a leg-of-lamb dinner for eight. Afterward, the children went upstairs to do their homework and Jumbo settled down in his favorite chair in the den. There were track pictures on the wall, one of them a group shot of the 1957 squad with a headline over it: "The greatest track team ever assembled." This is the team Jumbo hopes to equal in power this year.

Framed on another wall was a letter written back in the 1930s, recommending James Elliott to the track coach at West Point as "one of the best track prospects in years." It was signed by a loyal graduate of the Military Academy, then a major, Dwight D. Eisenhower.

The mention of former President Eisenhower brought a frown to Jumbo's face.

"Kay," he said, "I'll never get my Eisenhower-reject coat back. You know darn well the guy who took it will see what a prize he's got. He's not going to return it."

"Jim," said Kay patiently, "that coat was about gone anyway. You've had it relined several times. It was a nice coat, but it wouldn't have lasted much longer."

"Why, Kay," cried Jumbo, "how can you say that? There were years of wear in

ACTIVE ELLIOTTS, in rare moment of repose, gather in living room of Haverford, Pa. home. From left: Jimmy, Joy, Kay, Jeffrey, Tommy and Jumbo himself. Dog-in-residence: Prince.

that coat. It cleaned up like new. You know that. Everybody remarked on what a fine piece of gabardine it was. You just don't get that kind of material every day. If a coat just like it was good enough for Eisenhower. . . ."

"I'm just saying," Kay interrupted, "that it had seen its best days. Look, Jim, would it cheer you up any if I said you could bring the cocker spaniel home from the club?"

Jumbo sat up straight in his chair.

"Why," he said, his face lighting up, "yes. Yes, that would cheer me up quite a bit. As I said this morning, it would be on a trial basis. We'd see how Prince took to him." He whistled. Prince came bounding in from the kitchen.

"What do you say, Prince? Would you like a pal, a nice little cocker spaniel to keep you company?"

An almost happy ending

Out of his German-shepherd-Doberman ancestry, Prince summoned a bark that combined the most terrifying qualities of both breeds.

"Good boy," said Jumbo as the telephone rang. "Get back in the kitchen."

As the big dog ran out of the room, Jumbo picked up the phone.

He listened carefully to the caller, a look of disbelief and wonderment on his face.

"Thank you," he said, his face flushing a little. He put down the phone.

Kay Elliott looked at him inquiringly.

"Kay," said Jumbo after a moment, "I was wrong about that guy. He brought back my coat. That was the restaurant calling."

Kay Elliott took a deep breath. "Well, thank goodness," she said.

Jumbo jumped to his feet. "Boy, what a day!" he exclaimed. "Put over a couple of deals, got a couple more in the works, the team looked great, I got my Eisenhower-reject coat back—and you give me the green light on the cocker spaniel out at Aronimink."

Kay Elliott smiled and shook her head.

"Could a guy ask for anything more?" demanded Jumbo.

As things were destined to turn out, he could. When Jumbo went to Aronimink Golf Club next afternoon to pick up the vagrant cocker spaniel that had been in residence there for four full months, it had—like that hat in the hotel room, the license plate on the muddied Cadillac and the Eisenhower-reject gabardine coat—vanished (at least temporarily) without a trace. **END**

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THE BAD-FORM CHAMPION OF GOLF

His approach to the game is casual, and his choppy swing is almost comical, but happy Doug Sanders is getting the last laugh by becoming one of the biggest winners in pro golf

by ALFRED WRIGHT

FINISH OF SANDERS' SWING LOOKS MORE SUITED TO BASEBALL THAN GOLF

In the sometimes grim world of high-pressure tournament golf, Doug Sanders, who won $57,428.47 on the 1961 tour and finished third on the list of money winners behind Gary Player and Arnold Palmer, is the most refreshing and amusing "new" professional in a good long time. Both on and off the golf course, Sanders has a personality as bounding and carefree as a porpoise. He has a wisecrack on his lips under conditions that send his fellow pros into their meanest sulks. When he misses an important putt he often goes into a comic pantomime that brings a cheerful guffaw from the gallery. He chats endlessly with the spectators and keeps them entertained with a stockroom full of ready-made gags. Not since the late Porky Oliver was touring the country has there been a tournament golfer who is as full of fun as Sanders.

But even if he were not, it is more than likely that Sanders would attract large crowds, for if ever there was a winning golfer who reminded spectators of themselves he is the man. When he swings, Sanders looks exactly like a hacker who is trying hard to knock the ball into the next county. He addresses the ball with a wide, stiff-legged stance, and after an inordinate amount of wiggling and jiggling he takes an extremely short backswing before whaling at the ball with all the strength in his slight, 163-pound frame.

It should not be gathered, however, that there is anything frivolous about Doug Sanders' tournament play. He is

continued

Photographed by Ozzie Sweet on the Bahamian Island of Andros

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an avaricious competitor, and in the last few years he has risen rapidly to the top of the tour. In 1958 he finished 23rd and earned $13,740. By the next year he was 14th in winnings, taking $20,794 away from the tour. He was 10th in 1960, winning $26,471. While he has never won the Open or the PGA, he has come close. Last year he was leading the Open at Oakland Hills with only nine holes to play, but an erratic putting streak on his part and a string of birdies by Gene Littler, the eventual winner, cost Sanders the lead. He finished runner-up to Littler, by a stroke. In the last three PGA championships, he twice was third and in 1959 finished second. Opening the 1962 season in Los Angeles a fortnight ago, Sanders finished with a 284—well ahead of Player. Unlike a number of the younger pros who make spectacular showings along the circuit but never in the big tournaments, Sanders has already shown that he is capable of playing excellent golf on the most difficult tournament courses.

Along with everything else, Sanders has the looks to fit the frolicsome Prince Hal role he plays in golf (*see cover*). His figure is trim and athletic on its 5-foot 10-inch frame, although his tightly tailored slacks are beginning to betray the slightest suggestion of a bulge around the waist, a tribute to the kind of good living a big winner can afford. Usually hatless and with a wooden tee tucked behind his right ear, Sanders strides briskly down the fairways looking very much like the kind of young man that girls would take a shine to, as they quite often do.

His good looks are more than amply complemented by those of his wife, the former Joan Faye of Winter Haven, Fla., who was a successful model and water skier in Miami and Cypress Gardens before the Sanderses were married in the spring of 1960. In fact, with all the good things he has going for him—appearance, wit, ability, money, a pretty wife, a lively 4-year-old son by a former marriage and Joanie's pretty 4-year-old daughter, also by a former marriage—Sanders seems to contradict the popular notion that it takes adversity to breed success.

George Douglas Sanders, as he was christened 28 years ago (the Douglas was a sop to an uncle who wanted to call him Douglas Fairbanks Junior Sanders after his favorite actor), was born in Cedartown, Ga. some 60 miles northwest of Atlanta. His father and mother were people of quite modest means with five children to raise—three boys and two girls. Doug was the second youngest. Ernest was seven years older than he, Sara six, James three. His sister Stella was six years younger. His father farmed on a small scale and also drove a truck between Cedartown and Boston for one of the New England textile mills that had migrated to Georgia. Later the elder Sanders and James, who lost a hand while fighting as a marine in the Korean conflict, operated taxicabs in Cedartown.

Doug grew up in a small house bordering the nine-hole golf course in Cedartown and, as he now likes to recall, "from the time I was seven years old I always had enough spending money." His first income was acquired by retrieving stray golf balls in the rough bordering the golf course. "Did you see a golf ball come in here, son?" a player would ask little Doug, and he would look up with his innocent blue eyes and say, "No, sir." It didn't take Sanders long to capture a bucket full of balls that he could sell to his older brother for 50¢, and James would resell them to the golf pro for $3. Sanders still carries with him two important lessons learned from this experience—the value of mannerly responses and a deep respect for money.

When full-sized caddies were scarce

continued

SANDERS STRANGE ASSAULT on ball begins with a stiff-legged backswing (*left*) that stops suddenly when the club is over his head (*center*). Then, getting power from his tremendous hand and wrist action, he lunges at the ball. The result is good distance and great accuracy.

during World War II, Doug Sanders packed golf bags around the Cedartown course at a slightly exorbitant rate, although he was little more than 10 years old and scarcely bigger than a golf bag. He and his brother figured out ways to practice and play on the course without paying the customary fees. He attributes his abbreviated golf swing to those early days of bootleg practice. "The fairways were only so wide," Sanders says, "and we had to keep the ball in the middle where we could find it and run in case somebody spotted us on the course." The training was so effective that Sanders has hit only five or six balls (he is not sure which) out of bounds during the full five years he has been playing on the pro circuit.

Future pro's pro

The golf pro at Cedartown was a young man named Maurice Hudson, who now teaches at the Northwood Club in Dallas. He took a liking to Sanders and helped polish some of the rough edges off Sanders' game and off Sanders himself. "I probably learned more from Hudson than from anyone else," Sanders says. "If he found me doing something wrong or behaving badly he would take the time to tell me what he had learned from his own mistakes. The things I learned from Maurice Hudson go way beyond just playing golf."

Under Hudson's coaching, Sanders was breaking 70 regularly by the time he was 17. The corsair in him was still coming to the surface, and Sanders managed to pick up some useful spending money through the judicious wagers he was learning to make around the Cedartown course. By the time he had finished high school, his golfing reputation had spread and he was given an athletic scholarship to the University of Florida, where he played on the same team with Dave Ragan Jr.

At college Sanders was a nervous, restless youth who spent most of his time at the local driving range or playing with his teammates. Even now he half jokingly refers to his days in Gainesville by saying, "When I was in college majoring in golf. . . ." And when he wasn't at the golf course he was betting somebody on something—pool, billiards, pitching pennies, playing cards. As Ragan recalls, "Doug was always just good enough to win, and he was always just a step or two in front of us in almost anything.

AT 11, WITH SISTER STELLA, DOUG HAD GOOD LOOKS OF UNCLE'S IDOL, FAIRBANKS

Doug always hated to lose; he was like Sam Snead that way. He liked to play you for a $2 Nassau when we were practicing, and if you shot a 65 or something and beat him he was a good loser about it, but you knew he was going to come back at you."

Sanders swung at a golf ball during his college days pretty much as he does today—with a short backswing and a follow-through that would have done Babe Ruth proud. Then as now his clubs were of only average weight (his present irons have a D-3 swing weight and his woods a D-5 with Regular shafts), but he generated his great power by building up strength in his forearms. "Feel this," he will tell you, exhibiting a lower arm that would compare favorably with Popeye's. "And I never took an exercise in my life," he says. "You just develop it."

Paul Hahn, the professional trick-shot golfer, was living near Gainesville when Sanders was in college, and it was through Hahn that Sanders first learned his wide assortment of gag shots. At the practice tee before he starts a round of tournament golf these days, Sanders sometimes astonishes the spectators with a shot in which he pops the ball straight up in

the air and catches it in his hip pocket.

After three years in college, Sanders realized that his future was not in scholarship and that he had better start earning a living. He began selling insurance in Miami, where a rich Canadian businessman who had taken a shine to him gave Sanders a membership in the La Gorce Country Club and helped him make some profitable investments that freed him from any serious worries about the cost of living. La Gorce being a club where there is always plenty of action, Sanders soon found he could do as well or better there than he could at the office. He also played in some of the bigger tournaments around the country, and in 1956 became the first amateur ever to win the Canadian Open. This victory convinced Sanders that he could now play well enough to earn a living as a golf professional. He made application for a Professional Golfers' Association apprentice card, joined the tour in June 1957 at the Carling Open and tied with Ken Venturi, Gardner Dickinson Jr. and Palmer for fourth in that tournament, winning $1,425 and confirming Sanders' belief that he had chosen the right career.

A sad discovery

What Sanders did not know then, however, was that he was accident-prone, and there was a time when it looked as if he would be spending more time in the hospital than on the golf course. An infected hand put him out of action a month after he joined the tour. The following February, during the 1958 Colombian Open, he was hospitalized for several weeks with torn ligaments in an ankle after hitting a tricky shot out from behind a tree. He had been leading the tournament at the time but was unable to continue. In the summer of 1958 Sanders won the Western Open, his first victory as a pro, but a hip injury shortly thereafter again put him in the gallery.

No sooner had the tour begun in 1959 than a doctor in La Jolla diagnosed a slight heart murmur and told Sanders he would have to slow down. Sanders did some quick looking around instead and found a medicine for his heart condition. Shortly after, he was back on the tour. That summer he finished second in his first crack at the PGA Championship.

In 1960 Sanders had no major victories, but several seconds and thirds put his overall earnings above the $27,000 mark by Labor Day. Not long after that his daughter slammed a motel door on his hand, and once again he had to skip some tournaments. Then, soon after returning to action, he suffered a painful neck injury in an automobile collision while driving home from the office of the doctor who was treating his hand. The neck trouble continued to bother Sanders throughout most of last year, and it finally got so serious in September that he went into a hospital in Dallas for traction treatment. "I couldn't even turn my head a fraction of an inch in either direction," Sanders says. He finally found a doctor in Los Angeles who was able to give him some helpful injections, and this year, for a change, he begins the winter golfing tour with no apparent ailments.

Despite his disabilities, Sanders won five tournaments on the 1961 tour and started to live in a manner he considers appropriate. Rather than drive in one of the free Pontiacs that are provided for the leading pros on the circuit, Sanders operates his own air-conditioned Cadillac, equipped with a shortwave radiotelephone which he uses almost constantly. In the course of half an hour's trip to the golf course when he is on one of his rare visits home to Miami, he will talk to his lawyer about a prospective advertising endorsement, check on the whereabouts of a new shipment of golf shoes, call Joanie to find out what the children are going to do that day and arrange to meet a friend for a drink in the late afternoon.

Sanders' business interests have multiplied. He likes to dabble in the stock market and is perpetually on the lookout for ways to invest his money in enterprises that will be paying off when his competitive talent has gone. Last year he made about $25,000 above his tournament winnings from the fringe benefits that accrue to a successful touring pro. As a representative of the Ojai Valley Inn and Country Club, a bucolic golfing resort in southern California, he drew $5,500. He made another $7,500 on *All-Star Golf*, the Saturday afternoon television show.

But Sanders' major fringe benefit from golf just now is his association with First Flight Co., one of the fastest-growing manufacturers of golfing equipment. Along with Jimmy Demaret and Gary Player, Sanders has been a leading member of First Flight's staff of playing pros, and as such he collected $10,000 from the company in salary and bonuses during 1961. Jack Harkins, the voluble and energetic Irishman who runs First Flight, is extremely fond of Sanders and has helped him buy blocks of the company stock from time to time when the price seemed right. This year First Flight is putting out a line of popular-priced clubs with Sanders' signature on them, and if they sell well the royalties will provide Sanders with another and perhaps his richest source of revenue.

To maintain the kind of success that Sanders achieved in 1961 can be a long and tedious chore year after year. Sometimes the next tournament seems almost too much to face. Sanders reached one of these low points in December, when the tour was coming to a close at the Coral Gables Open. "I haven't got enough strength to bust a grape," he said wearily before the start of a round. "It doesn't do me any good to practice, because I start doing something different each time I hit the ball."

As the 1962 tour gets under way, the big question is whether Sanders can sustain the strength and enthusiasm that a touring pro needs to stay among the leaders, for there is no doubt about his ability to play all the shots. In the last couple of years he has mastered the kind of low, crisp, wind-cheating irons that are largely responsible for putting him among the most consistent players. One advantage for Sanders will be his sense of humor. Even at Coral Gables he still found things to laugh about. "If I only had enough stock in the phone company and Cutty Sark," he said as he pulled himself up to a bar for a little late-afternoon resuscitation, "I could live off the money I spend."

The voice of dissent

Sanders' colleagues on the tour are not always as enamored of his seemingly lighthearted approach to the game as he is, and Sanders knows it but doesn't care. "I see them stop and laugh sometimes when I tell a joke or gag it up a little," he said the other day, "but a lot of the guys resent it. 'What d'you think we are, a bunch of clowns?' one of them asked me one time just because I told a newspaperman we ought to try to entertain the gallery a little more.

"Well, I figure the gallery gets as nervous as we do sometimes, and we ought to try to help them enjoy themselves after they pay good money to come out and watch us. Some guys just don't have it in them to get laughs. It isn't their fault. They're just built that way. But they shouldn't resent the rest of us putting on a good show. That's what we're out there for, isn't it?" **END**

Game in the water, great on the table

Among those who dearly love a feast of fish, the common pompano of the south Atlantic coast is comparable in gastronomic status to the Dover sole and the turbot. Even people who don't like fish often like pompano, provided it is fresh-caught and worthily prepared. The pompano is, furthermore, a gamefish, a tumbling, twisting fighter with a dazzling, confusing variety of tricks, a delight to tangle with on light tackle.

The pompano swims in schools as far north as Chesapeake Bay, in the Florida Keys, along the Gulf Coast, in the Bahamas and Bermuda. It takes lures (bright nylon or feather jigs) about as readily as bait (sand fleas and shrimp). Since its average size is a mere two pounds—which is about the best eating size—ordinary surf tackle is just too much to bring out its fine fighting qualities: a so-called fresh-water spinning rod is ideal. It will be thoroughly taxed from the first smashing strike. So will the angler's wrist. Wading the surf and casting to the pompano with a fly rod is the ultimate in angling pleasure.

With its sides of bright blue and gleaming silver and its curious shape, the pompano is one of Neptune's beauties. But it is the palate that appreciates it most. So delectable is the pompano that restaurants generally pay more and charge more for this fish than for any other caught in American waters.

All fish are best when eaten fresh, but for the pompano freshness is all-important. Its slightly oily flesh—it is a distant cousin to the mackerel—is delicately flavored and firm to the tooth when a few hours out of the water, but even with good refrigeration these qualities deteriorate rapidly. A day-old pompano is not half so good as one caught in the morning and served at lunch.

There are many ways to cook a pompano, ranging from the very simplest—broiled—to such elaborate preparations as pompano *en papillote*, in which the fish is cooked in a brown paper bag or cooking parchment with a variety of sauces that are "sealed in" with the natural juices of the fish. No such protective device is needed with a truly fresh pompano, but it is such a fine fish that gourmet chefs have been inspired to give it their all. An excellent and easily prepared pompano *au vin blanc* involves stuffing the pompano with fresh dill, steaming it over a pan of white wine and serving it with mousseline sauce. The pompano may be baked, too, but the all-round favorite is just plain broiled. A fancier presentation, planked pompano, is especially good with a fat two-pounder, but it is, after all, just another way of broiling the fish.

How such a delicacy can be such a fighting fury at the end of a line is a question that has burst in the mind of many a fisherman encountering his first pompano in the surf. The fish often uses the breakers to fool the angler with a possumlike sleep and lets the waves carry it in; then, suddenly, as the undertow comes to its aid, it turns viciously away with a hook-dislodging surge. Like the similarly shaped permit, the pompano uses its broad sides to develop more water resistance by fighting at right angles to the rod tip. You will get few jumps from it. It fights underwater, and if there are rocks or coral about it will scoot for them in the hope of cutting the line. Preventing this on light tackle is often an exciting problem, for the pompano is fast and strong—fast, strong and as sweet a dish as salt water can provide. END

BROILED POMPANO

1½-pound pompano, whole
4 tablespoons oil or melted butter
Flour
Paprika

Start oven at 450° F. about 10 minutes before you plan to broil the fish. Line shallow pan or dish with foil and place in oven to get very hot. Clean pompano, leaving it whole. Dust with flour and paprika. Put oil or butter into the hot pan. Place fish in pan and broil about 3 inches from tip of flame for 3 to 5 minutes. Turn and broil on second side same length of time. Baste occasionally. Fish is done when a fork pierces the flesh easily. Serves 2.

POMPANO AU VIN BLANC

1½-pound pompano, whole
Fresh dill
4 thick slices onion
¾ teaspoon salt
5 peppercorns
Few sprigs parsley
Dry white wine

Clean pompano and stuff cavity generously with sprigs of fresh dill. In a heavy skillet, one with a lid, place onion slices, salt, peppercorns, parsley and more dill. Place a rack, oiled, over mixture and pour in enough white wine to almost reach rack. Put fish on rack, cover tightly and cook over moderate heat until wine begins to bubble, then simmer gently for about 20 minutes. Fish is tender when fork slides in easily. Serve on warm platter with or without mousseline sauce (½ cup heavy cream, whipped, folded into 1½ cups hollandaise sauce). Serves 2.

Photograph by Jerry Cooke

MORE LIVE ACTION-LESS DEAD WEIGHT. The full-size '62 Dodge Dart will accelerate seven percent quicker than last year's comparable model, and do it on five percent less gas. Main reason? Dead weight has been cut to a minimum. For instance, the automatic transmission housing, for V8s, used to be made of cast iron, now it's aluminum. The new one is strouger, and 60 pounds lighter. If you're looking for a low price car with a fistful of action, you have found it. ***COME IN AND DRIVE THE NEW LEAN BREED OF DODGE.***

Vintage year for the gadgeteer

Some ingenious new marine accessories are providing most of the excitement at the boat show in the New York Coliseum

In the New York Coliseum, where the 52nd National Motor Boat Show is in full swing this week, all that glitters is chrome. The four floors of the massive hall are jammed with an astonishing variety of metal-trimmed floating objects intended for every phase of aquatic activity from joyriding and fishing and skiing and racing across oceans to just sitting in placid gunkholes. The sum total is almost an embarrassment of riches.

Despite the amazing variety of exhibits, however, there is little that is startlingly new. In the fleet of 450 boats, only 40% are of traditional wood construction, despite a slight reduction from last year in the percentage of boats made of fiber glass, from 49% to 43%. This is partially explained by larger numbers of aluminum and inflatable or folding rubber hulls—kayaks and the like—in the smaller-size craft. But the trend to bigger glass boats continues: the 41-foot Hatteras fiber-glass cruiser is the largest of this material ever displayed in a boat show. And the auxiliary sailing fleet is almost unanimously plastic.

As foreeast last year, the inboard-outboards have become increasingly popular. Three of the outboard manufacturers, Outboard Marine, Kiekhaefer and West Bend, are producing their own inboard-engine/outboard-drive units, and Outboard Marine is adding a fiberglass hull of its own manufacture tailored to fit the new power unit.

It is in the specialized equipment, displayed in the estuaries remote from the fleet of larger craft on the main floor, that the hardy explorer will find the most interesting new products. Less than a decade ago, equipment intended purely for the boating enthusiast was a specialty item produced by only a handful of companies. Now gadget-browsing is both pleasurable and rewarding, as a considerable segment of American industry is focusing on these vital accessories.

Among devices of interest to the offshore sailor is an improved version of the type of flashing electronic distress flare that saved the life of Ocean Racer John Weston when he was washed overboard during the 1960 Bermuda race. Displayed by Crow's-nest, the Transralite ($89.50) has a brilliant neon flasher visible to the horizon from deck level and at distances of 30 to 50 miles, depending on visibility and the height of a search plane. It also transmits a two-tone sputnik-type radio beep on 2182 kc., the international distress frequency, which can be homed on by most radio direction finders. Attached to a life ring, the Transralite turns upright the moment it hits the water and an automatic gravity switch starts the transmitter and sets the light flashing.

The same booth features the answer to a lazy fisherman's prayer, in the portable 12-volt, battery-powered Motor-Guide for trolling ($177.50). Clamped to the gunwale or transom, the small electric motor is controlled by a pedal that turns the boat left or right, governs engine speed and can reverse. This leaves the hands free for playing a fish and, if the fish aren't biting, eliminates the necessity for abandoning a reclining position.

The exhibit of Ratsey and Lapthorn, the world's oldest and best-known sailmakers, is enhanced by a selection of Barient winches. Slightly cheaper this year, and better than ever, these winches combine power with the precision machining of fine watches. Not only is there a new line of reel halyard winches to solve an equipment deficiency in the past life of every sailor, but there is also the new #28 two-speed deck winch for cruiser-racers of the 40-foot class (in chrome, with ratchet handle, priced at $775, alas!), so fast in the first speed and so powerful in low gear that a rival crew not similarly equipped will be at a handicap in a tacking duel.

Coastwise navigation of boats of any size or type can be made simpler by two British units imported by Triton Marine Products. One is a tiny radio direction finder, called the Heron, whose antenna unit contains a compass ($350). Because it is small enough to be hand-held, the Heron is free of the directional errors that plague the big fixed units when a boat begins to heel. A beat-frequency oscillator permits reception of the marine navigational radio beams known as Consolan. Smaller than a carton of cigarettes, its sensitivity and directional qualities allow it to function impressively even in the Coliseum. A companion unit is a portable depth finder ($380), which can be carried in a dinghy for checking an unfamiliar harbor or looking around for likely fishing holes. Another excellent Triton product is an audio transceiver, which functions both as a loudspeaker to hail distant vessels or a hearing aid to pick up distant sounds. Hooked up with a scanning motor, the transceiver will quest to both sides of the bow like a hound on scent, while a dial in the wheelhouse shows the bearing of the buoy being sought.

Red right returning

Then, once the buoy is found, an item displayed on the racks of Mighty-Mac Boatwear will show the skipper what to do. In addition to a line of code-flag shirts (SI, Feb. 20, 1961), now expanded to include the same cheerful pattern in foul-weather gear and warm hooded jackets, there is a red-and-black zippered jacket for those new owners who might forget the rules of the road. Worn with the black half to starboard leaving a harbor, the jacket is turned inside out to reverse the colors coming home, as a reminder of the old seamen's doggerel that buoys are passed "red right returning." As nearly as I could see, the only thing missing was a gadget to tell the skipper when to reverse his jacket. END

NCAA COMMITTEE on AAU included (*left*) Chairman Wilbur Johns, Clifford Fagan of high schools, Gymnast Gene Wettstone, basketball's Bud Foster, track's Chick Werner.

COACHES TAKE OVER

continued from page 12

realize it can't beat the federation. It would be a stupid and senseless thing for the AAU not to join the track and field federation."

At present, there is no indication that the AAU will join the federation. No AAU official was present at the NCAA or the track coaches' meetings in Chicago last week. Louis J. Fisher, the new president of the AAU and an attorney in High Point, North Carolina, said that the AAU had no intention of joining. He warned that the AAU was the only U.S. organization that was recognized by international authorities. When it came time to deal with the Americans, he said, the international groups would pick the AAU because that organization's members are led by unpaid people. He added that he believed a small group within the NCAA "is out to destroy the AAU for the interests of just a few selfish individuals." He declined to name these individuals.

The constitution of the new federation provides that the governing council shall consist of a representative from each of the member groups (hopefully, the NCAA, the NAIA, the high schools, private clubs, the armed forces and the AAU). No one on the council would be a coach, no one would be paid. The federation was formed not by the NCAA but by the track coaches' association, which includes members from the NCAA, the NAIA and high schools.

"The NCAA has no desire to control all track and field activity in the United States," said Walter Byers, NCAA executive secretary, in Chicago. "We are not organized to control anything but collegiate athletics in our group. We do feel that we should have proportionate representation on any governing body. We do not have that under AAU rule."

Before last week small-college coaches opposed Byers and the NCAA, mostly because they suspected both of a desire to govern track and field as rigidly as ever did the AAU. As one NAIA coach said, "On our level we work very closely with the AAU. The big colleges close their doors to us, but the local AAU people provide us with meets to compete in."

The provision for equal representation on the governing council of the federation apparently allayed the fears of the small-college coaches. There were no dissenting voices Saturday when the coaches' association voted to form the federation. The day before, in a roundtable discussion of the relations of the NCAA with the AAU and the Olympic Committee, Alex Wilson, track coach at Notre Dame, stood up to object to the presentation by Chick Werner of Penn State, president of the track coaches' association. Werner had made the case for the federation, had described the grievances of the coaches against the AAU and had announced the final tally in a mail poll of coaches on the question of the founding of the federation. The poll showed 548 coaches in favor of the federation, nine against.

"I did not vote," Wilson said. "I wanted to know more about it." It turned out later that Wilson was under the impression that he was attending an Olympic Committee meeting.

After this, the coaches settled down to a long and careful discussion of the advisability of conducting the championship meet in direct competition with the AAU. One coach explained the reasons for putting on such a meet. "Say the AAU tries to compete," he said. "If they do, they will get only a few fifth-rate athletes. All the college athletes and the best of the high school athletes will compete in the federation meet, plus the top postgraduate athletes. Now the AAU has the international membership in the IAAF, so they have the right to certify athletes from the U.S. to compete against Russia in Palo Alto in the dual meet later in the summer. But if they certify athletes from their own meet, they'll have maybe a 20% team. I don't think public opinion would allow that. Or the State Department, for that matter. We have to have our best against the Russians. So the AAU people will have to concede that all the good athletes were in the USTFF meet. If they do that, they admit that they do not control the best track and field athletes in the U.S. Of course, they could cancel their meet. That would be conceding the same thing."

Began last year

This major revolution against the AAU had its inception in the fairly innocuous appointment of a "liaison" committee by the track coaches about a year ago at their annual meeting. In two meetings—one during the AAU championships in New York last year, another immediately following these championships—the coaches formulated the idea of the USTFF.

At the meetings in Chicago the executive committee of the track coaches' association caucused before the track

coaches met, tied down details in the formation of the federation, then presented a complete program to the coaches.

A basketball federation probably will follow. It may, in fact, precede the track federation in gaining international recognition. FIBA, the international basketball governing body, is supposed to send a representative to the United States to judge whether the AAU or the new basketball federation does, in fact, represent the majority interest in that sport in the United States.

"We sent out 20,000 questionnaires to basketball coaches last year," said Wisconsin's Bud Foster, who is the most militant of the basketball people seeking representation internationally for the new basketball federation. "We got back about 14,000 answers. Of the 14,000, 38 were from AAU coaches. That's about how much basketball the AAU controls in this country."

A delaying action

In basketball as in track, the AAU has tried to delay a settlement. "The FIBA representative was supposed to come over here in March to watch the NCAA championships and whatever AAU basketball he could find," one basketball official said last week. "Now the AAU has tried to get his visit postponed to May. There is no basketball played in May, which is perfect for the AAU."

Byers has his own answer to this move. He is having the basketball scores in *The New York Times* clipped every day. These scores are divided into colleges, high schools, etc. There is no AAU classification because there is no real AAU basketball program. Nor, Byers maintains is there any AAU track.

"Track meets are run on college facilities by college coaches," says Bill Bowerman, coach of Oregon and one of the leaders of the dissident track coaches. "They talk about their junior development program. They don't have any. Do you know of any track in this country owned and operated by the AAU?"

Bowerman, incidentally, has at Eugene, Ore. the largest track development program for youths in the United States. It is operated on the University of Oregon track facilities and it is his hope that other college coaches will begin similar programs at their schools. Whether they do or not, it is certain that the AAU as we have known it is through. If the organization survives at all, it will be as a considerably weakened member of several larger federations. **END**

DOING IT THE HARD WAY by hoff

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PART I

Imperiled Freedom of the Open Road

The pleasures of skillful driving, discussed by three racing experts in Sports Illustrated a year ago, are in danger of becoming a memory to all but the most rural Americans. In 15 years some 114 million vehicles and possibly as many as 125 million drivers will be choking our highways. Where will they go? What are we doing to cope with the huge flow of traffic on roads and streets today? These questions are examined in a two-part series that begins on page 50

by KENNETH RUDEEN

Imperiled Road

Give me a wheel in my hands," says a recent hero of American fiction, "and four on the road." Americans are endlessly, incredibly on the road—"freewheeling inhabitants of inner space," as Transportation Expert Wilfred Owen says. Along the nation's 3.5 million miles of concrete and asphalt, gravel and rutted dirt they roll, in 74 million cars, trucks and buses, flowing to work and back again, hauling goods, carrying children, pursuing weekend and vacation fun. Oftentimes they drive just to be driving, to roll, to move, to "burn gas."

The automobile is America's prime expression of freedom, of independence, of the treasured privilege of being able "to get away from it all." Man or woman, poor or rich, old or young, it is the American's last-ditch weapon against being tied down, his latter-day covered wagon in which he can always seek a new horizon. Yet it is a symbol of freedom that carries in itself the seeds of its own restrictions: by their very numbers Americans are encroaching upon this cherished privilege, with their own driving habits and the very cars they drive they are slowly but inevitably closing down the open road.

"It's meant to be fun," said Indianapolis Driver Rodger Ward in this magazine a year ago (SI, Jan. 30, 1961), but for 38,000 Americans every year driving is death. Traffic accidents are the single most perilous factor in restricting the freedom of the open road today. The daily toll of more than 100 lives is worse than that for any single-plane air accident in history except one. Moreover, so many people are injured that no one even attempts to count them all precisely. The National Safety Council, using one criterion, estimates 1.4 million yearly, the Public Health Service, using a different one, says four million. The Safety Council has also estimated that at least 100,000 are disabled for life.

Those figures are all the more appalling because the young are hit hardest. Between the ages of 15 and 24, traffic accidents cause more deaths than all other leading causes combined, including heart disease and cancer.

"We are bleeding to death," says Assistant Surgeon General Albert L. Chapman, one of a growing number of men who have come to regard the toll as a chronic epidemic, a health problem of calamitous dimensions.

This havoc on the highways brings in its wake enormous patching-up problems—of treating the injured, who forever tax the hospitals, of sweeping up the debris of 10 million separate accidents every year; of settling accident litigation in courts forever clogged, forever behind schedule. The cost in dollars, says the Safety Council, is in the neighborhood of $6.5 billion yearly.

There is small comfort in the fact that much safety progress has been made since the bad old days when, with fewer cars and drivers, we were killing people at a faster clip. There is not enough comfort in the fact that roads and cars are better, that really aberrant drivers are more quickly spotted and curbed, that new drugs and improved hospital

In a chaos of confusing signs, highways and parkway-access routes flow together and apart again, with cars trapped hopelessly between.

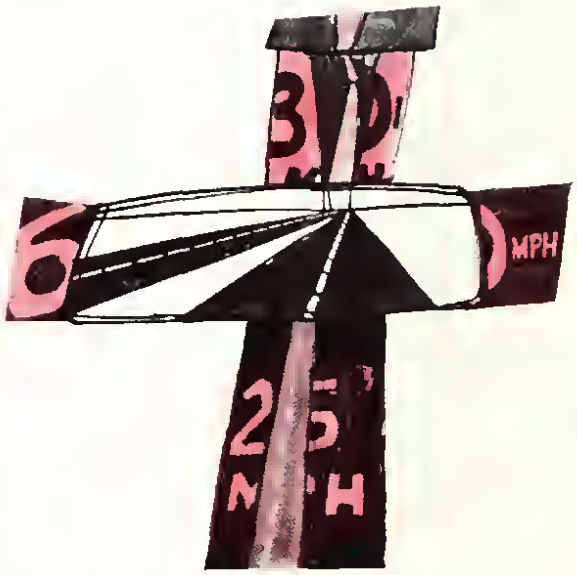
emergency care save some lives that a generation ago would have been lost (although emergency treatment at the crash scene is still chaotic). Nor is there much comfort in the fact that the death rate for every 100 million vehicle-miles (one car, bus or truck driven one mile equals one vehicle-mile) has dropped to a record low of 5.1—down from 12 in 1941, the worst year ever for deaths—when 38,000 still die every year.

This mileage rate for measuring progress is by no means a perfect yardstick; it tells little more than the broad national trend. The rate is virtually worthless for comparing the safety performances of disparate states, nor can it be used to calculate accident odds for the individual driver. In 1960, for example, Rhode Island's 1.9 mileage death rate was the country's lowest, Nevada's 8.3 the worst. Was Rhode Island doing a four-times-better safety job than Nevada? Nobody knows. The comparison only tends to confirm what traffic authorities do know: that urban rates are customarily lower than rural rates. Heavily urban Rhode Island normally would have a lower rate than mostly rural Nevada.

As for the driver, any driver, there is no way to calculate his individual chances of survival. There cannot be, because every set of driver-car-road situations differs at any instant in time from all the millions of others, and all these sets are instantaneously changing. Some degree of danger is the only constant.

Thus the disease is not a simple one. It is monstrously complex. Every part of it poses special problems; none will be easy to solve.

To begin with, there are the streets and highways. We have some superb ones, but we are still going to have to live for a long time with some badly planned, alarmingly outdated and patently dangerous ones. The concept of permanent free-flowing highways, long propounded by the road-builders, has received wide acceptance only in the last decade. Until then, major cross-country roads were built only to be choked at intervals by "string development"—private businesses mushrooming at roadside, with the consequent menace of "fringe friction," cars darting off and on the pavement to and from restaurants, peach stands, ice cream emporiums and the like. For example, U.S. 1 between Baltimore and Washington sizzles with accident-provoking friction. A new friction-free highway parallels it today but, as one highway official says, "We can't keep throwing roads away." The cost of new ones is steep—from $1 million to $40 million a mile on the 41,000-mile Interstate system now abuilding.



Sharp variations in speed limits on antiquated highways and ultra-modern turnpikes give weary driver schizophrenic vision of road.

The major cities, never designed for cars in the first place, are notoriously hard-pressed merely to manage their movement. Wilfred Owen says every large American city is "obsolete." Los Angeles and its satellite cities, where the automobile has virtually killed off the public transit system, yearly add 100,000 vehicles to an already overburdened network.

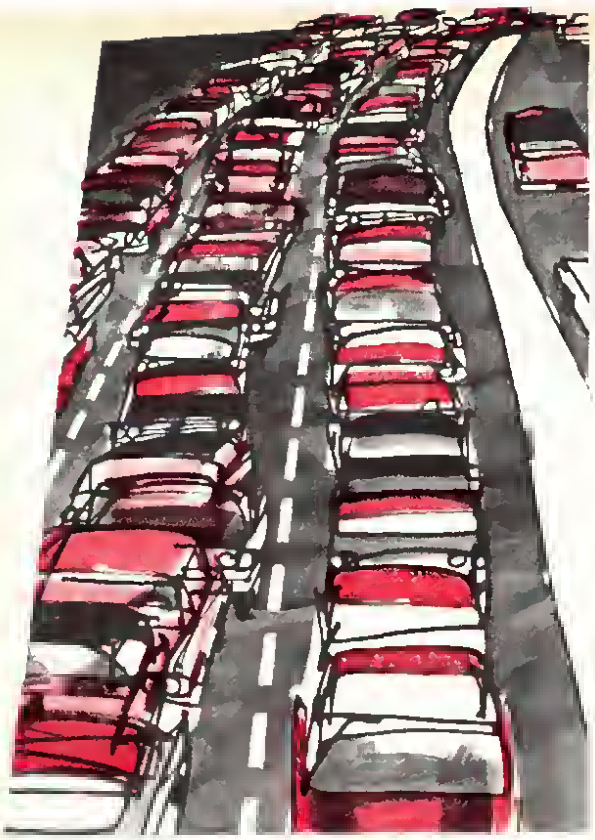
In New York, home of America's most dedicated jaywalkers (who are bowled over like tenpins) and center of a traffic glut that extends into deepest exurbia, many sometime drivers have long gone carless in despair over the urban jangle. Nor is there any relief to be found in the smaller towns across the country, as everyone who has ever had to buck 5 o'clock traffic at Saturday afternoon shopping time can testify.

Chicago, fighting the usual big-city congestion, is just recovering from a wholly unpredictable problem. Police morale dropped last year when a freewheeling burglar implicated a dozen cops in his crimes. "The police became timid," says Traffic Chief Terrence Doherty. "They were afraid to write a traffic ticket for fear the offender would sound off about crooked cops." As a delayed-action consequence, fatalities rose alarmingly in early 1961. It took months for large numbers of drivers to discover the enforcement ease-up, but when they did they took the abnormal risks that brought about the abnormal toll.

Cars pose a problem of their own. How safe are they? How safe should they be? Who is to decide? So far the automakers have been relatively free to decide for themselves, and their answer has been that safety is an integral part of the automobile's development rather than a factor to be dealt with separately. Thus over the years they can claim credit for adding as standard equipment such improvements as all-steel bodies, four-wheel brakes, windshield wipers and defrosters, rearview mirrors, sealed-beam headlights, vastly improved tires, safety glass, dished steering wheels and improved door locks. Other items, found on some cars but not on others, such as windshield washers, backup lights, glare-reducing mirrors and self-adjusting brakes, have also made driving safer.

General Motors President John F. Gordon recently summed up Detroit's position before the National Safety Congress: "Every year's new-model cars are safer as well as better in other respects, but these improvements are in response to forces at work in our free competitive economy —not in response to regulatory forces."

continued



Bumper to bumper flows the weekend's traffic outside the big cities, a jangling tangle flooding new roads as fast as they are built.

Imperiled Road *continued*

In Gordon's view, "amateur engineers" who would make cars "foolproof and crashproof" are calling for the unattainable and subjecting Detroit automakers to unjust and misdirected criticism. "We can only design into [the automobile]," he declared, "the greatest degree of safety that is consistent with other essential functional characteristics. Beyond that, we must depend on intelligent use."

Robert Forster, GM safety coordinator, explains another angle of the problem. "A man will only buy the degree of safety he can afford," he declares. "People say, 'Make certain safety items standard equipment,' but they sure don't want the price of the car to go up."

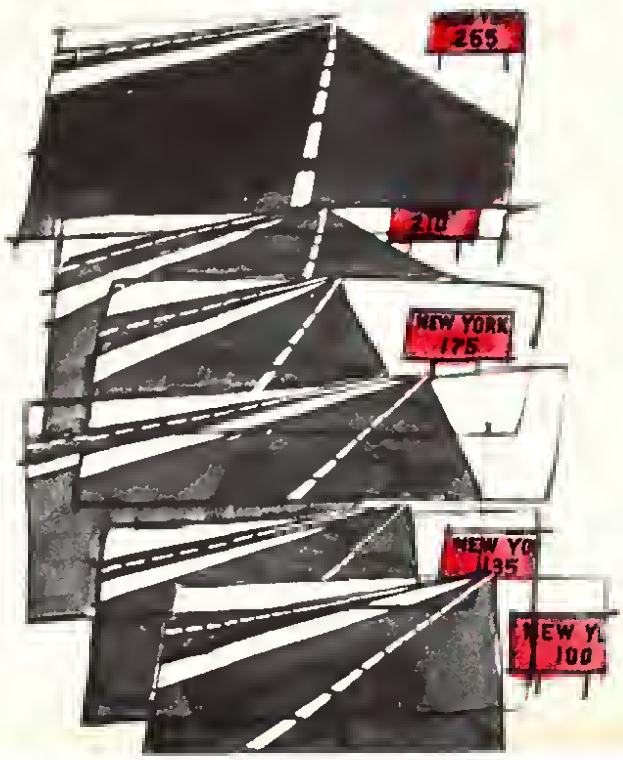
Clearly, Detroit feels that safety as such is hard to sell to the car buyer. Performance, yes. Style, yes. Safety, no—and with some reason. The American Medical Association has long urged manufacturers to "delethalize" car interiors by installing crash-absorbent padding and removing or recessing all knobs and projections that plainly compound the injury potential of a bad accident. Yet when Ford five years ago in its 1956 sales campaign put its advertising muscle behind a safety pitch embodying some of these proposals, it fell flat. The Ford proposal was a so-called "lifeguard" package—seat belts, dashboard and visor padding as optional equipment, improved door locks and a dished steering wheel with recessed post as standard. Meanwhile, Ford's old sales rival, Chevrolet, plugged its 1956 product as "the hot one." Ford lagged behind in the sales race and soon shifted its pitch from safety to zip—"cools off the hot ones."

That was the end of that experiment; the package can still be had, as can its equivalent in other makes, but neither Ford nor any other maker features safety in its selling.

The single most controversial safety item right now is, paradoxically enough, one whose usefulness both Detroit and its critics recognize. Seat belts (of which more below) do save lives; yet public demand, which the automakers claim as their chief arbiter of change and innovation, has yet to make itself felt in Detroit—and so seat belts remain a point of argument rather than agreement. The automakers will provide them, but only as optional equipment. A 15-man group of New York State legislators and citizen safety leaders, headed by State Senator Edward Speno, went to Detroit last winter and demanded installation of seat-belt anchor points. All manufacturers complied, and the points (for two belts, front seats only) are standard equipment on 1962 models. In October Wisconsin became the first state to make the belts themselves mandatory: two front-seat belts must be installed on all 1962 cars sold in the state and on all 1962-and-later-model used cars bought after the enactment date. "We are proud in Wisconsin to be first," says Assemblyman Norman Anderson. "We think every state in the Union will eventually require them."

Although these achievements reflect a growing informed and official concern, drivers of every background and condition have stubbornly resisted the seat belt. A mere 3% to 5% of American cars have them today. It is estimated that two out of three persons who have access to belts do not use them. Enforced use of the seat belts may be the next logical step, but it has not yet been taken in Wisconsin.

The drivers, in fact, are the most puzzling problem of all. "We drive as we live," says Harvard Professor Ross A. McFarland, and this dictum is generally accepted. Revers-



Time's slow passage and the relentless march of faceless miles are hypnotic enemies the driver must cope with on long turnpike trips.

ing the dictum, it follows that we live dangerously. Indeed, the driver is blamed for 80% to 96% of the accident problem, the rest being attributed to cars, roads and rules.

The driver, as many students of safety see him, is undertrained and overconfident. He tends to be sloppy about crucial car maintenance. The Safety Council's familiar holiday-slaughter warnings don't seem to impress him; with accidents widely dispersed, he sees little firsthand evidence of the very real dangers of the road. And since driving is only an occasional activity, he gives it only a fraction of the concentrated thought he devotes to getting on in life and keeping baby in shoes.

Dr. James Malfetti, head of Columbia's Safety Research and Education Project, characterizes the nation's drivers as occupying points along a continuum, with safety at one extreme and extreme unsafety at the other. "Some drivers," he says, "are habitually so close to unsafe that a minimum of negative forces [*e.g.*, a quarrel, an unfamiliar road] makes them dangerous. For others, the point is far enough from the unsafe end that even considerable negative forces might not be harmful.

"But most important is the understanding that for each driver, the unsafe end of the continuum can be reached. No one is immune to unsafe driver behavior."

Malfetti further warns that self-satisfied drivers who put the major blame for accidents on the accident-prone are kidding themselves. On the contrary, he says, it is precisely the normal, average driver who, because of his great numbers, is the greatest menace. "Normal drivers doing normal things" caused most of the accidents probed in a Northwestern Traffic Institute study. Malfetti points out that a driver's first accident may well be his last: most drivers involved in fatal accidents had had no accidents before.

Many things have been suggested to protect the normal driver from his own lack of concern about how and when he drives. There have been proposals for electronic warnings and "dead man's throttles" to solve the problem of the driver who falls asleep or becomes momentarily unconscious from drugs, disease or drink. When the horsepower race was in full swing in Detroit a few years ago, some Congressmen wondered out loud if there shouldn't be governors on engines to limit maximum speeds. Nothing came of that—and fortunately so, since the idea was unsound, limiting as it does not only speed but the sometimes vital factor of acceleration.

Once again the case of the seat belt demonstrates how even proved facts do not seem to penetrate. The Cornell crash-injury research team, after a study of 20,000 accidents in the mid-1950s, reported that the use of belts would sharply reduce fatalities and major injuries. The exact degree was arguable and really unknowable, but it is now generally believed that collision fatalities and major injuries would drop by about one-third if every driver and passenger used seat belts on every trip.

The Cornell investigators already knew that a serious accident involves not one but two crashes—first, car hitting car (or tree, bridge abutment, etc.) and then the passengers hitting some part of the car's interior. Besides establishing the effectiveness of seat belts, the Cornell study further showed that occupants of a crashing car are five times better off if they stay inside it than they would be if they were thrown out, a finding that reversed a popular assumption. Thus crash-resistant door locks are another important safety factor. Ford, as noted, started installing better locks on its 1956 cars; the improved locks became standard, industry-wide, on the 1957 models. Cornell believes these new locks save 800 lives every year. A perfect lock keeping doors closed

A stroboscopic case for seat belts: (top) the driver is catapulted through windshield in crash, (bottom) belt holds him in his seat.

in any conceivable collision would, in Cornell's opinion, save no fewer than 5,500 lives, but the perfect lock, unfortunately, hasn't been invented.

Safety researchers are everywhere plagued by a lack of meaningful accident-report data. Police and highway patrol reports are skimpy, and such common notations as "speed too fast" and "following too close" are just about useless as research tools.

Harvard University is trying to fill part of this vacuum. It has embarked on a fascinating five-year study of fatal accidents in and around Boston. As in major airline-accident investigations, the so-called interdisciplinary method is

continued

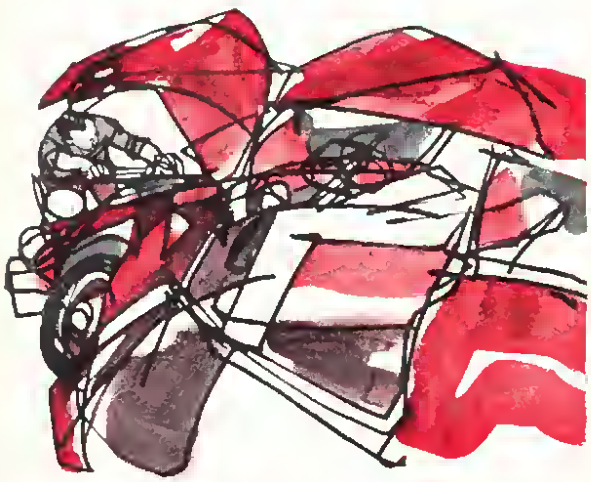
used—in plain language, a number of specialists in various fields work on each accident together. Psychologists, pathologists, physicians, traffic engineers all dig into the accidents. Every case study includes an autopsy of the victim, disassembly and microscopic scrutiny of the accident vehicles, physical and psychiatric examinations of the survivors and an inquiry into the victim's personal life.

The project, financed by the U.S. Public Health Service, is in its third year. A hundred accidents have been fine-combed so far. Among other things, it has been established that mechanical failure, often due to misuse or poor maintenance of the vehicle, is more common than has been supposed. Here is the gist of one of Harvard's thought-provoking case studies:

Last spring a 15-year-old boy, too young to be licensed, was driving his date home from their high school prom in her father's car. The car struck a tree. The girl was killed. The boy was charged with manslaughter.

The Harvard group discovered that the boy had taken the wheel soon after leaving his home despite his father's warning that he should not drive. Unwilling to flout custom, the girl, older and licensed to drive, nevertheless insisted that the boy drive. He was so nervous, he revealed later, that he had to lift his trembling foot to the accelerator with his hands.

The couple arrived safely; they left the dance early so that



Postmortem of a crash, as practiced in Harvard study, has mechanic dissecting torn remains of car to look for possible failure.

the girl could take the driver's seat unseen by classmates. Unfortunately, other couples also left early. Rather than risk ridicule, the boy agreed to drive the car for a mile and then trade seats. On the road the car swerved and crashed.

The Harvard group, making an investigation far beyond the means of ordinary enforcement authorities, discovered that a part of the car's steering linkage had snapped and caused the accident. The criminal charge was dropped, and a lesser charge for illegal driving was brought.

Principal Investigator Alfred L. Moseley has further reported: "There are trees on roads in Massachusetts that have been the cause of two or three auto fatalities. Yet after each crash a tree surgeon is sent out to repair the trunk. One road I know has a tree in the middle of an intersection. Another is so marked that traffic, at a bifurcation, almost inevitably goes down the wrong lane. There has been one fatal collision at this spot already. Sooner or later there will be another. But that road is still unchanged—a perfect accident trap.

"There is a stubborn determination on the part of many investigating officials," says Moseley, "to ascribe the cause of traffic fatalities to speed, incompetence or to excessive use of alcohol. Two cardinal reasons exist for the attitude: laziness and ignorance of possibilities. Bad highway engineering, vehicular failure, physical incapacitation and intent are rarely considered—much less explored."

Moseley takes vigorous exception to the general tendency to put most of the blame for accidents on driver behavior. "This could hardly be further from the truth," he says, but until he winds up the Harvard study we will not have his final word.

From the driver we turn to still another tough and intricate problem, that of regulation and enforcement. Basic authority for licensing drivers and policing roads in America is split 51 ways—among the 50 states and the District of Columbia—and the 51 sets of motor-vehicle laws are so at variance with each other that the President's Committee on Traffic Safety has called them "a jungle of confusion."

This is how things stand:

Only 21 states and the District have separate motor vehicle departments, prepared to handle all traffic responsibilities in a concerted way.

Only 17 states require yearly or twice-yearly vehicle-safety inspections. Inspection laws include some spacious loopholes—*e.g.*, New York tests only cars more than four years old and used cars. The other states rely upon intermittent police spot checks, voluntary inspection setups and the driver's conscience (yet wherever inspections become mandatory, thousands of defective cars are scrapped before they are ever inspected because their owners know they will not pass).

Only one state, Pennsylvania, requires a physical examination of the driver as part of the licensing process. While the others, on paper, deny a license to anyone with a disabling injury or disease, in practice they depend upon the examiner to detect the visibly unfit; beyond that they take the applicant's word. Needless to say, many have lied. In Kansas, Highway Safety Director Claude McCamment discovered two years ago that 10% of those receiving state aid for the blind had drivers' licenses. These clearly incompetent drivers are among thousands of Americans who were licensed in the days when formal tests were rare and subsequently were excused from the tests when they came in. And only in the last seven years has South Dakota—the last state to fall in line—required any license at all. Periodic reexaminations are given in only 11 states—which means that in 39 states once a driver has passed a test he's in, until he attracts police attention. Injury, disease or mental deterioration may befall him, yet, unless he gets arrested, he can stay dangerously on the road.

The tests themselves vary remarkably; their chief com-

Psychiatric study of drivers pursued in Harvard research throws sharp spotlight on such potential menaces as psychotic drivers.

mon characteristic is that they are sketchy and hurriedly given. It takes just 15 minutes to hustle the average applicant through an eye test and a quiz on traffic laws. Driving tests have become general since the war, and they presumably have disqualified many maladroit persons. But the typical test is a simple drive-a-few-blocks-and-park affair; rarely is an applicant required to perform at highway speeds; never is he called upon to demonstrate the simplest emergency techniques—*urgent* stops, recovery from skids. Grumbles a North Dakota official: "If the applicant can turn the key, start the car and put the brakes on, he'll get a license."

Much is left to the examiner's discretion. For instance, an armless Nebraska college student was okayed for a license when he satisfied his examiner that he could operate his manual-shift car with his legs alone. To be sure, this is an exceptional case. Plenty of examiners in the more conscientious states are hard to please. In California the driving test covers 63 items and, in a typical month (August 1961), examiners flunked 22,367 of the 119,465 persons tested.

Viewed all together, the states have come a long way in licensing, but they still have a long way to go. The same is true of enforcement. State patrols and city police departments continually beg for more money for more men, better training, better equipment.

Says J. Stannard Baker, Director of Research and Development at Northwestern's Traffic Institute, which gives the best-known traffic training course: "There is still a lot of phoniness. Signs say 'Speed limit strictly enforced,' and there is no enforcement. Also scattered around the country are a few specks of mold—rotten spots where the only source of revenue is very careful enforcement of artificially low speed limits. I avoid the phrase speed traps.

"But, by and large, enforcement work is being done by better people and with better results. And enforcement does bring safety results. If you were to ask us what to do about high accident rates in a community we would say put on a high-quality, high-quantity enforcement program.

"There is a segment of drivers who know how to drive better and won't. It's the job of the police to ride herd on them."

Enforcement on the road and streets is a stiff enough problem; when enforcement reaches the courts it is a monumental one. Forget all the great, lasting questions of how to reduce the glut of traffic cases, speed up justice and reform offenders rather than merely penalize them. Forget such affronts to judicial dignity as allowing the Justice of the Peace to hold court in a café booth, drugstore or barn (recent true examples from New Mexico). Even without these, the courts would still have their hands full merely trying to cope with those who drive after drinking. Just one aspect of that problem is this: juries traditionally do not view drunk drivers as the public menace that common sense (and the record) show them to be; they notoriously invoke the lightest penalties and, it seems, hurry away muttering, "There but for the grace of God went I."

Enforcement can also fall victim to politics. For example, under Governor Abraham Ribicoff (now Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare), Connecticut rigidly enforced a tough traffic policy. Ribicoff's party took all possible credit for resulting safety achievements. This irritated the Republican wing of the legislature, with the result that legislative safety work now proceeds in an atmosphere in which the Democrats push and the Republicans hold back until they can see where the credit will fall.

The list of state problems and deficiencies could go on and on, but three things should be kept in mind: 1) progress is costly, and the states are perennially short of funds; 2) every proposed new restriction, however small or useful, provokes bitter public opposition; 3) even with an unlimited bankroll and strong public support the state governments could not build utopian systems tomorrow. There are still too many areas of ignorance. Behavior specialists say they cannot even define "the driving task." How, then, can the states test driving qualifications perfectly?

But in the overall perspective there is discernible today a sharp new awareness of the traffic safety problem in all its dimensions. In Part II, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED will consider its strength and direction.

Next Week

An examination of the main trends in traffic safety and prospects for the future, including Washington's expanding role, new exertions at the state level and such promising technical devices as simulators and electronic controls.

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The Oldest Ski Bum in the World

Leon Vart, a 73-year-old artist, has used ingenuity and charm to enjoy a lifetime of skiing

by MAIA RODMAN

Leon Vart is a ski bum who says of himself: "Because I am poor, I must live among the rich." At 73, he can afford such candor. It's about all he can afford, since ski bumming is a hand-to-mouth life. People who see him on his daily walks in a fashionable part of New York's East Side might mistake him for a Russian aristocrat. They wouldn't be far wrong. He's not an aristocrat but he is Russian—and he's impoverished of everything except the joy he takes in being a ski bum.

Vart has skied every skiable mountain range in the world except the Andes. He relies on ingenuity (the next best thing to money) to get around and stay comfortably lodged. His lean, tall figure moves with ease and grace, though his blue eyes are faded from the glare of snow and sky. Traveling with little more than his "treasure chest" (healthy lungs and heart, strong body and legs), he has bartered his services as a painter, translator, correspondent, waiter, baby- and dog-sitter and ski instructor for the privilege of skiing in Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, New Zealand and across the United States and Canada.

Vart's enthusiasm for skiing started 60 years ago in Moscow when he found a hunting ski. With this, he became expert first at falling, then at balancing. Finding another hunting ski (this one with a broken tip), he spent the winters hanging on to every passing droshky, whatever its destination might be. As rides back were less available, this proved ideal training for cross-country skiing.

At 17, tired of coping with dilapidated hunting skis, Vart entered a club competition and won a new pair of skis for

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finishing first in a five-mile race. The next day he used those skis to come in second in a Moscow cross-country championship. In both events, he recalls, "I waited several hours in the snow prior to the race. When your feet are very cold, on the point of freezing, you get that extra push to hurry and get them warm again."

Vart, in between sessions as an art student, continued to ski in Russia and the Scandinavian countries until 1917, when the Kerensky government sent him to China and Japan on a commercial mission to buy 300,000 pairs of boots for the Russian workers. Before he was in Japan a week he was skiing Fujiyama. He might have lost his official post if a picture that appeared in a Japanese newspaper had found its way back to Russia. It showed Vart, in his underwear, skiing frantically down the mountain. A friend had broken a leg and Vart had shed most of his clothes to keep the friend warm before skiing down for help.

A year later Vart was on his way to the United States via Alaska and the Canadian ski areas. He decided he would like to live in the United States, and he took up fitful residence in New York.

Olympic observer

Vart's residence anywhere is fitful, for he loves to travel, even when he isn't ski bumming. He has been to 10 summer and eight winter Olympics, covering these events from the press box. Some of the publications he represented were obscure and impermanent; but he sometimes worked for bona fide American, Greek, Turkish, Armenian, Russian and Spanish newspapers. His dispatches often were translated by students in exchange for one of his paintings (he paints as he lives —fitfully) or for his press seat while he was away skiing.

At St. Moritz in 1928, after the Olympics were over, he began to teach his own brand of skiing. "I'd get a group of beginners together, take them up a hill and make them fall down by the hour. You can't teach anyone to ski without first making him into an expert in falling down safely."

At Lake Placid in 1932 Vart was on Army trucks helping to haul in snow from the forests. In 1936 his passage from the U S to Garmisch-Partenkirchen was paid by the *Ile de France* in exchange for shipboard services as master of ceremonies. At the 1948 Olympics—once again at St. Moritz—Vart paid his expenses by directing a newsreel for a French company. In 1952, during the summer Games at Hel-

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CITY.....STATE.....

sinki, Vart painted a mural in his boarding house—less sordid than the payment of rent money.

Prior to the 1956 winter Olympics at Cortina, Vart was lucky enough to save a friend's life in a storm on top of Diavolezza. The grateful friend gave Vart a house in Cortina to use during the Olympics. An article in the short-lived magazine *Teen Times*, entitled "What Are Our Chances?" gave him the chance to see the Squaw Valley events in 1960.

Vart has high moral standards for his ski bumming. "I never leave a ski area with more money than I brought with me, but I try to leave with not less than I brought in." The most he has ever paid for a day's lodging with food was $2, and that only once, in expensive St. Moritz. He never makes reservations, counting on his charm to warm the hearts of the most commercial of innkeepers. "Because I was a teacher of interior decorating at New York University, I can redecorate a boarding house overnight. I can't help it if some of the places I visit just cry out for my paintings," he says with a happy smile.

No lifts for Leon

He does not spend money on lifts. He considers them a convenience if someone treats him, but otherwise he finds lifts demoralizing for the legs. "Using skins has kept me in shape all these years. I hate to take a chance now of getting out of shape. Besides, when an area is crowded, why should I, or anyone else, just stand and wait for the privilege of paying for a ride up?"

Ten years ago Vart thought that his career as a ski bum was at an end. Skiing his favorite spot in Canada, St. Sauveur, he came out of a fall with 14 broken bones. Only his left arm and left leg escaped injury. While recuperating for six months in the hospital, he taught himself to paint well enough with his left hand to pay his bills.

Last winter, too impatient to wait for his annual post-Christmas trips to New Hampshire, Vermont and points north, Vart strapped on his skis and caught the deep snow in Central Park. "If you love cross-country skiing, you can do it in Manhattan just as well as anywhere," he said with a gentle smile. "I ski all winter, God willing, and in June and July there is always Tuckerman Ravine . . . and of course, the Andes! And then there will be the 1964 winter Olympics!" **END**

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Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

It was another frustrating week for the favorites Cincinnati fell before Bradley, USC lost to Washington, Villanova was upset by Xavier, and Mississippi State's unbeaten streak was ended by Vanderbilt. Meanwhile, Ohio State won its 12th straight to become the nation's only undefeated major-college team

THE EAST

When **Villanova** and **Temple** met before 9,225 in Philadelphia's Palestra, it seemed like the old days Both teams defended tenaciously, Villanova with a scrambling zone and Temple with a switching combination, but the Wildcats were more adaptable on offense They put aside their usual race-horse game, concentrated on getting the ball to rubbery Hubie White, who slipped through the Owls for 22 points, and Villanova won 60–53 But the Wildcats ran into trouble in the Midwest, where bigger **Xavier** beat them badly off the boards, and won 87–66

Duquesne continued to impress Sophomore whiz Willie Somerset hounded **Dayton** with his ball-stealing, rattled the Flyers with 32 points, and the Dukes won easily, 79–59 **St. Joseph's**, too, earned an intersectional feather for the East The Hawks gave up 24 points to **Wake Forest's** talented Len Chappell but still outlasted the Deacons 65–53 **St. John's** took care of another invader, beating **Creighton** 72–52.

Seton Hall, despite 38 points by sophomore Nick Werkman (who also scored 43 against Loyola at Baltimore), lost to **Georgetown** 84–83. Things were just as tough for **St. Bonaventure**. Since 1948 the Bonnies had lost only twice at their cozy gym in Olean, N.Y., both times to **Niagara** Last week Niagara did it again, 71–51 The top three:

1. DUQUESNE (11-1)
2. VILLANOVA (13-2)
3. TEMPLE (10-2)

THE SOUTH

Kentucky's Adolph Rupp couldn't have been more pleased His Wildcats have one of the year's best sophomores in Cotton Nash, an 11-game winning streak after beating **Vanderbilt** 77–68 and **LSU** 84–63, and there didn't seem to be a worthwhile SEC challenger in sight This was especially true after Vandy ended **Mississippi State's** 10-game winning streak, 100–86

However, the ACC was up to its neck in contenders **Duke**, running magnificently but paying scant attention to defense, outscored **Clemson** 104–96, then tightened up to beat **Maryland** 84–68 as Art Heyman scored 38 points. **Wake Forest**, more formidable now that 6-foot-10 Bob Woollard has matured enough to give Len Chappell some rebound help, beat **North Carolina** 91–72 But the Tar Heels went back to give-and-go against **Virginia**, sent Guards Larry Brown and Don Walsh storming through for 44 points and whomped the Cavaliers 100–71. **South Carolina** helped to confuse the issue, losing to **Virginia** 98–95 and then surprising **North Carolina State** 62–56

Rod Thorn led fast-breaking **West Virginia** past **Virginia Tech** 85–81 and **George Washington** 120–68 The top three:

1. KENTUCKY (12-1)
2. DUKE (11-2)
3. WEST VIRGINIA (11-3)

THE MIDWEST

Cincinnati's national champions were ambushed in Peoria by a young but rugged Bradley crew that now leads the conference. The Bearcats let Bradley sophomores Joe Strawder, Rich Williams and Lavern Tart bamboozle them for 45 points and eventually lost, 70–68, in overtime

In the Big Ten, **Michigan's** runty invaders took some early liberties with **Ohio State**, but the Wolverines succumbed meekly enough, 89–64, once Jerry Lucas and his friends got their fast break working. However, **Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota** and **Purdue**, whose Terry Dischinger scored 45 points in a 96–89 win over the Illini, were still in the running, anyway

Kansas State, its defenses up again, beat **Kansas** 70–45 and **Oklahoma State** 50–44 to get back in the Big Eight race, while **Bowling Green** disposed of another Mid-American challenger, whipping **Miami** (Ohio) 85–73. The top three:

1. OHIO STATE (12-0)
2. BRADLEY (10-2)
3. CINCINNATI (11-2)

THE SOUTHWEST

The SWC was still anybody's race as **Texas Tech** and **Texas A&M** joined **Rice** and **SMU** in first place. Tech swarmed all over the Owls and beat them 85–66, then stalled out a 55–51 squeaker over **Baylor**. The Aggies also had troubles with the Bears but finally won 54–52. SMU was easier for A&M Jerry Windham hog-tied the Mustangs' big Jan Loudermilk in the pivot, and the Aggies won 75–55 **Arizona State** beat **Texas Western** 62–55 and **New Mexico State** 94–81 to move closer to the Border title. **Houston** (12–3) defeated **Tulsa** 69–61 The top three:

1. TEXAS TECH (9-2)
2. TEXAS A&M (9-4)
3. ARIZONA STATE (11-3)

THE WEST

Although the NCAA laid a heavy hand on **Utah** (a one-year probation for illegal payments to a player), there was simply no stopping the Redskins or Billy McGill. McGill hooked and dunked for 42 points against **Denver** and Utah won 95–70 He added 36 more as **New Mexico** fell 72–65

On the West Coast, **Santa Clara** and **USC** were both surprised The Broncos' tantalizing zone defense was ripped apart, first by **Pepperdine** 63–44, then by **Loyola** 61–58, USC was upset by **Washington** 85–67 but got even with the Huskies, winning 78–64 However, **Oregon State** never looked better Jay Carty and football star Terry Baker gave 7-foot Mel Counts a helping hand as the Beavers whipped **Gonzaga** 78–64 and **Portland** 80–63 The top three.

1. USC (12-3)
2. UTAH (13-2)
3. OREGON STATE (11-1)

BILLY McGILL, the nation's leading scorer, hooks over Denver's Mumma in Utah victory.

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—Uncovering the "money men" who financed the payoffs that lured players into shaving points has been one of the stumbling blocks in clearing up the basketball scandals. Last week, though, officials believed they might have picked up the first of these "top backers." DAVE LOUIS GOLDBERG, one of the country's most prominent gamblers, was arrested in St. Louis after being charged by a Raleigh, N.C. grand jury on 34 counts of bribery in connection with the fixes. Also indicted were nine other men in Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Biloxi, Miss. and New York City. The total count of players involved is now 38, from 23 colleges.

NBA: Philadelphia's Wilt Chamberlain warmed up for a busy week by scoring 39 points in his first game. He then got progressively better, scoring 47, 52 and finally a record 73 points, two more than Elgin Baylor's 71 for a no-overtime game. Chamberlain slumped off to 62 points in his fifth game, which Boston won 145-136. This put the Celtics 10 games in front of the Warriors in the Eastern Division. Syracuse won four straight but was still a poor third, six games ahead of New York. Fortunately for Los Angeles, Baylor helped the Lakers build up a substantial lead in the Western Division before he went into the Army. Second-place Cincinnati won four of five games but could get only within eight games of L.A. Detroit won three of five and opened up a 5½-game gap over fourth-place St. Louis. The Hawks lost five consecutive games, and last-place Chicago got just one victory in four tries.

BOATING—TED HOOD of Marblehead, Mass. took time out from designing a boat for the America's Cup race to skipper his brand-new 45-foot yawl *Robin III* to a double win in the Miami-Cat Cay race. *Robin* was first across the finish line and also led with a corrected time of 10:05:50 for the 71-mile trip through choppy Atlantic waters.

BOWLING—DICK WEBER outscored Roy Town 619-600 to earn $15,000, and SHIRLEY GARMS came from 47 pins behind in the last game to defeat Joy Abel for $5,000 prize money at the All-Star championships, in Miami Beach.

BOXING—YAMA BAHAMA, eighth-ranked middleweight, watched Don Carrano bounce up from the canvas 14 times before he kept him down permanently at 1:04 of the seventh round, on the winner's home island of Bimini.

JIM ELLIS, a Golden Glover a year ago, knocked out former top-ranking middleweight Rory Calhoun in 1:47 of the first round in Louisville. Calhoun then announced he was retiring from boxing.

FOOTBALL—NFL: A 12-yard touchdown pass from Johnny Unitas to Jon Arnett with two seconds left, plus Jim Martin's extra point, gave the WEST a 31-30 win over the EAST in the 12th annual Pro Bowl game. Jimmy Brown's 70-yard touchdown run had put the EAST in front 30-24, with five minutes remaining.

HOCKEY—Frank Mahovlich and Dave Keon scored two goals apiece as TORONTO beat Boston 7-5 and took over first place—for one day. MONTREAL regained the lead the next night by outscoring the Maple Leafs 4-2. The Canadiens won all three of their games and at week's end had a two-point edge over the Leafs. CHICAGO, aided by some heavy scoring by Bobby Hull and a shutout by Glenn Hall, had two wins and a tie and climbed past NEW YORK to take over third place. The Rangers dropped two games, including a 2-1 loss to DETROIT, thereby falling to within one point of the fifth-place Red Wings. BOSTON lost four straight and remained in last place.

HORSE RACING—FOUR-AND-TWENTY, ridden by Johnny Longden, finished three lengths in front of Olden Times, running the 1⅛ miles in 1:48⅕, to win the $54,400 San Fernando Stakes, at Santa Anita.

GOOD FIGHT, kept along the rail by Avelino Gomez, won the $17,875 Broward Handicap in a photo finish. Subtle was second and Rough Note third, at Tropical Park.

CRIMSON SATAN became the horse to beat in the Kentucky Derby when he was top-weighted at 126 pounds in the Experimental Free Handicap ratings. The weights, computed by Tommy Trotter, racing secretary and handicapper for The Jockey Club, placed Ridan (125 pounds) second, with Donut King and Jaipur (124 pounds) third.

SKATING—Figure-skating championships in the PACIFIC COAST, MIDWESTERN and EASTERN regionals indicated that there is fine material for rebuilding the U.S. team that was wiped out in last year's tragic plane crash. These championships also helped determine who will compete in the nationals in Boston, February 1-4. The winners, following the above regional order: senior men, Buddy Zack, Gary Visconti and Tommy Litz; senior women, Michele Monnier, Christine Haigler and Tina Noyes; senior pairs, Cynthia and Ronald Kauffman, Vivian and Ronald Joseph, and Elizabeth and Paul George.

SKIING—West Germany's HEIDI BIEBL was first in the Alpine combined standings, in Grindelwald, Switzerland. Traudl Hecher of Austria was second and Linda Meyers of Bishop, Calif. third in the first warmup for next month's world championships in Chamonix, France.

PEPI GRAMSHAMMER won the first professional race of the year, beating former world champion Christian Pravda by 1/10 of a second in the total time for two swift runs down a 45-gate giant slalom course, in Sun Valley, Idaho.

ADOLF MATHYS, 24-year-old Swiss champion, won the slalom at the Lauberhorn race in Wengen, Switzerland, an important tune-up for the world championships. France's Charles Bozon was second, 1.7 seconds behind for the two runs.

SWIMMING—Despite a major upset by Robert Windle over Olympian Tsuyoshi Yamanaka in a 1,650-yard freestyle race, Australia twice lost to JAPAN. The Japanese have now won all four meets held in Australia. They led the aggregate scoring 130-95 and broke the world record for the 440-yard medley. Then the Japanese won all six races as they defeated New Zealand in another dual meet.

KEVIN BERRY, 16-year-old Sydney schoolboy, broke a world record for the 220-yard butterfly event by swimming the distance in 2:13.8.

TENNIS—MARGARET SMITH, 19, won the Australian national singles championship for the third time in succession, by defeating Jan Lehane 6-0, 6-2 in Sydney. Roy Emerson and Neale Fraser came from behind to beat Bob Hewitt and Fred Stolle 4-6, 4-6, 6-1, 6-4, 11-9 for the men's doubles title.

TRACK & FIELD—GARY GUBNER, NYU sophomore, broke the Metropolitan AAU senior shot-put mark four times, reaching 60 feet ¾ inches on his final throw, in New York City.

DEXTER ELKINS, SMU pole vaulter, cleared 15 feet 6½ inches at Bluebonnet meet, in Houston. Elkins almost broke Don Bragg's indoor record of 15 feet 9½ inches, barely missing on his third try at 15 feet 10⅜ inches. Only one of the three top entries, Villanova's FRANK BUDD, was able to win at the K of C games in Boston. Budd won the 50-yard dash in 5.5 seconds. Canadian Distance Runner Bruce Kidd and John Thomas, Boston University high jumper, lost in their events. Hampered by a blister on his right foot, Kidd was third in the two-mile run won by Jared Nourse, a Duke postgraduate student, in 8:59.4. Thomas tied with Bob Gardner of the New York AC at 6 feet 8 inches but was placed second because he had more misses.

MILEPOSTS—REELECTED: JOE FOSS, held Harry Wismer of New York at arm's length, received all eight votes and won a five-year renewal of his job as AFL commissioner.

REELECTED: PETE ROZELLE, who two years ago became NFL commissioner as a compromise candidate, received the full approval of club owners as well as a new five-year contract, at $50,000 a year.

HIRED: CHARLIE McCLENDON, to succeed Paul Dietzel as head football coach at LSU. For the past nine seasons McClendon had been in charge of LSU's defense, consistently among the best in the nation.

HIRED: CHARLIE BRADSHAW, who left Alabama after three years as an assistant coach, to a four-year contract as head football coach at Kentucky, where he had played end in the late 1940s.

FIRED: FRANK FILCHOCK, sixth AFL coach to lose his job in the past four months, as coach of the Denver Broncos.

NAMED: REINER KEMELING, center-halfback from Michigan State, and DONALD WILLIAMS, center-forward from West Chester (Pa.) State Teachers College, to the All-America soccer team for the second year in a row.

PENALIZED—New Mexico State, Utah, Humboldt State and Whitworth, by the NCAA, for various rules violations. Heaviest of the sentences, three years on probation, was given to NEW MEXICO STATE, which violated four rules, most of them in connection with football recruiting. A one-year basketball tournament ban was levied against UTAH because of illegal payments to a player. HUMBOLDT STATE and WHITWORTH were banned from bowl contests for one year for playing in uncertified postseason football games.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

15—Herb Schartman. 16, 17—Hip Schulke Black Star. 24—Phil Bath, Tony Triolo, Bob Kahn. 26—Coles Phinizy. 36, 39—Phil Bath. 46—Art Shay. 61—A.P. 62—Richard Zarembka, Bob Miller, Jim Goodwin.

FACES IN THE CROWD

VIC NIEDERHOFFER, 18-year-old Harvard sophomore from Brooklyn who took up squash only last year, captured the national junior championship at Middlesex School, Concord, Mass., defeating Bill Morris of Philadelphia, the event's defending champion.

CINDY STOCK of Clayton, Mo., a 10-year-old swimmer, won six of nine races in three weeks in the Ozark Association AAU 10-and-under division, set new district records in the 100-yard breaststroke and the 100-yard backstroke, scored 897 out of 900 points.

ERLING HANSEN, Seattle lumber executive, after tracking for a day and a half on Kodiak Island, Alaska, set unofficial record with an Alaska brown bear, whose skull measurements score 30 13/16 points. He killed the bear from 20 yards away with a 30-06 rifle.

REX ADAMS, 21-year-old senior with an A-minus average, a guard on Duke's alternate football unit and son of a West Virginia coal miner, was granted a Rhodes scholarship to study modern history at Oxford and prepare for a career in politics or public service.

CLIFF RICHEY, freckle-faced son of Dallas tennis pro George Richey, won the singles title in the national junior indoor matches at St. Louis. Cliff beat former doubles partner Steve Stockton, then jumped the net to hug him. Said Steve of his friendly foe: "Tough as nails."

SETS KANAMOTO of Los Angeles, 32-year-old superintendent of a paper goods company, raced in four events, scored 651 points out of a possible 780, finished on top after four days of racing at Las Vegas, became the first International Go Kart racing champion.

19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

MEN OF '61

Sirs:

Concerning your selection for Sportsman of the Year (Jan. 8), I agree that the great Roger Maris, the incomparable Paul Hornung and the matchless Warren Spahn are not worthy of the honor. But who is Jerry Lucas?

DAVID WALSH

Dallas

Sirs:

The worst choice possible.

How can SPORTS ILLUSTRATED pick a boy over the men? What's wrong with Big Bill Russell, the greatest basketball player in the world?

JIMMIE RITVO

Newton, Mass.

Sirs:

Whatever his faults of character, whatever his lack of tact and subtlety in speaking with writers and fans alike, Roger Maris is a man who carved a niche in history which neither you (by your neglect) nor anyone else can ever take away from him. Roger Maris, in 1961, made the biggest impact on the sports world with one of the greatest individual achievements in sports history. Roger Maris, in 1961, was the Sportsman of the Year.

CURRY KIRKPATRICK

Chapel Hill, N.C.

Sirs:

From a basketball enthusiast who three years ago (having never seen him play) was sure Lucas was vastly overrated, today come congratulations on your Sportsman of the Year award.

CLIFF KOLHLER

Waverly, Ohio

Sirs:

Your choice was the finest.

DALE DONOVAN

Willoughby, Ohio

Sirs:

Although I have never seen the indispensable Jerry Lucas, Sportsman of the Year, in action, I gather he must be a truly remarkable athlete to deserve your award. The same holds true for the other sportsmen you mentioned.

Nevertheless, how can you possibly fail to give even some credit to Green Bay's terrific triple-threat halfback, Paul Hornung, who not only serves his team but his country as well. I have seen Hornung play, and he is at least worthy of a little acclaim. After all, he was voted the Most Valuable Male Athlete of the Year in several other polls. I realize that you cannot acknowledge everyone, but must you leave Paul Hornung out?

JAMES P. EWING JR.

Fernandina Beach, Fla.

● See same issue, pages 12-15—ED.

Sirs:

You reviewed the many feats in the sports world during the year 1961. I think, however, you overlooked the fact that the record of 50 goals in a season, set by Maurice Richard of the Montreal Canadiens, was tied by the great right wing of the Montreal Canadiens, namely, Bernard (Boom Boom) Geoffrion.

SIDNEY KAY

Montreal, Que.

PAT STAND

Sirs:

I have a proposal regarding pro football that I believe has more merit than the controversial "slide-rule field goals" proposed by Chet Andrews (19TH HOLE, Dec. 11 *et seq.*). I feel that the dullest play in pro football—the point after touchdown—should either be made more interesting or eliminated. The PAT in the NFL has become so automatic (well over 90% successful) that it seems to have lost its reason for existence. The situation in the AFL is not quite so bad because of the optional two-point try.

My proposal calls for retaining the kick in the PAT but making it not quite so automatic. First, I would move the ball back from the three-yard line to the 10- or 15-yard line for the one-point try in order to reduce the percentage of successful conversions. As alternatives there would be the option of trying for a two-point conversion from perhaps 25 or 30 yards out or a three-pointer from the 35- or 40-yard line. The appropriate distances for each of the three tries could be tentatively set on the basis of field-goal statistics and then adjusted if necessary after a season or two.

JOHN P. CAMPBELL

Newport News, Va.

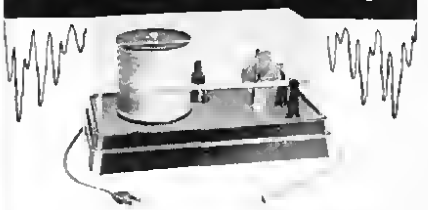
FISH TALES

Sirs:

Artist Tom Allen was right about El Tarpon Tropical on the Yucatan Peninsula (*Gamefish in a Lazy Lagoon*, Jan. 8). It is the best tarpon fishing water in North America. But he was conservative on his estimate about raising 20 per day.

continued

COLD FACTS



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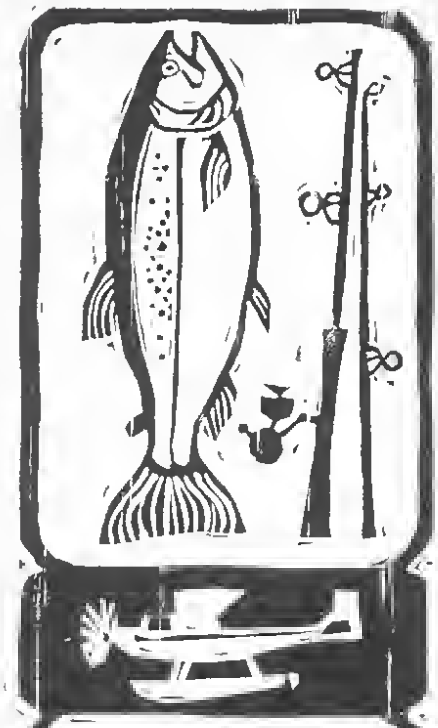

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19TH HOLE

Last July I fished for five days, jumped 119 tarpon and had over 300 strikes. A person has to see the place (and the tarpon) to believe it.

And, incidentally, Lorenzo the parrot knows some awful words in both Spanish and English.

HUGH L. BUCKINGHAM

Memphis

Sirs:

In *The Bizarre History of American Sport* (Jan. 8) the words "fishing" and "fish" appeared only briefly and incidentally.

The National Survey of Fishing and Hunting reports that 25.3 million persons 12 years old and older were "substantial" participants.

The National Recreation Survey reports that 45 million persons fished in 1960, including "incidental" as well as substantial participants.

The third *National Study of Sports Illustrated Subscriber Households* (1960), analyzing ownership of sporting goods, reports that respondents owned more fishing rods and fishing reels than any other types of equipment listed.

Thus, it would seem that your own subscribers as well as others who make up one of the country's largest outdoor participant sports certainly deserve better than "bizarre" treatment.

JOHN G. ZERVAS

Chicago

FLOWING BOWLS

Sirs:

The major bowl games on New Year's Day are the climax of the collegiate football season for many fans. It seems a shame that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED could afford only one sentence each to the coverage of these games in the January 8 issue.

THOMAS E. BUTLER

Watertown, Mass.

Sirs:

What's the big idea of not saying anything about the Gotham Bowl? It was one of the best postseason games of the year.

TOMMY ANDERSON

Waco, Texas

Sirs:

I breathed a sigh of relief upon viewing your issue of January 8 and seeing that you tastefully devoted only six capsule summaries to the college bowl games and left it at that.

JIM FORCE

Madison, Wis.

Sirs:

The Minnesota-UCLA so-called Rose Bowl contest was doubtless one of the most dismal exhibitions ever passed off on the public. The TV announcers deserve some sort of Academy Award for the enthusiasm they generated in their account. Considering the fact the Coast's third best team was representing the West in the grandfather of all bowls, I presume the fans could expect very little else.

RALPH E. GRIMES

Seattle

Sirs:

I have decided the time is ripe for a new bowl game. I am outlining the details below in the hope of enlisting your aid as a cosponsor.

This game will be called the Granny Bowl, and contestants will be selected from the grandmothers of all those college players who didn't make the pro draft lists. It could be run on an East-West basis, with the geographical division being the Maine-New Hampshire border. (Although this dividing line is somewhat unusual, it is not at all unfair. I have spent some time in Maine, and a lot of those old ladies up there are pretty tough.) The game would be held in Dubuque, because, according to those in the advertising game, there are a lot of little old ladies there and I know they would give us a fine turnout.

We would guarantee each member of the winning team $30 or a new hearing aid (their choice), and each member of the losing team would get a new shawl or free medical aid for six weeks.

The coaches will be selected from all the pro coaches who have held their jobs for more than two years. This list will be small enough to be really selective.

JAMES W. DAVIS

Carlisle, Pa.

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The filter cigarette for people who really like to smoke . . . L&M in the "red-headed" pack or box.

It's the rich-flavor leaf the longer-aged, extra-cured leaf among L&M's choice tobaccos . . . that now lets you expect more, and get more, from filter smoking. There's actually more rich-flavor leaf in L&M than even in some unfiltered cigarettes. You get more body in the blend, more flavor in the smoke, more taste through the filter. So expect more, get Lots More from L&M. And remember – with L&M's modern filter, only pure white touches your lips.